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VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES, &c.

WARWICKSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

REPLY TO: THE CHAIRMAN, EDUCATION COMMITTEE, 11, WARWICK STREET, WARWICK, CV1 1JH.

APPLICANTS are invited to apply for the following posts:

1. SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Full-time, 36 hours per week, 44 weeks per annum). The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing, and issuing of books, and the supervision of the staff. The post holder will also be responsible for the financial management of the library, including the preparation of the budget and the submission of accounts.

2. SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Part-time, 24 hours per week, 44 weeks per annum). The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing, and issuing of books, and the supervision of the staff. The post holder will also be responsible for the financial management of the library, including the preparation of the budget and the submission of accounts.

Applications should be sent to the Chairman, Education Committee, 11, Warwick Street, Warwick, CV1 1JH, by 15th April 1969.

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES

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Applications should be sent to the Chairman, Education Committee, 11, Warwick Street, Warwick, CV1 1JH, by 15th April 1969.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Results of National Vocational Research Council (NVQ) examinations for the post of Assistant Librarian will be published in the next issue of the *Journal of the Library Association*. Applications should be sent to the Chairman, Education Committee, 11, Warwick Street, Warwick, CV1 1JH, by 15th April 1969.

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

Two results of NVQ examinations for the post of Library Assistant will be published in the next issue of the *Journal of the Library Association*. Applications should be sent to the Chairman, Education Committee, 11, Warwick Street, Warwick, CV1 1JH, by 15th April 1969.

TECHNICAL LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Technical Librarian. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing, and issuing of books, and the supervision of the staff. The post holder will also be responsible for the financial management of the library, including the preparation of the budget and the submission of accounts.

Applications should be sent to the Chairman, Education Committee, 11, Warwick Street, Warwick, CV1 1JH, by 15th April 1969.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English. The post holder will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, including the collection, processing, and issuing of books, and the supervision of the staff. The post holder will also be responsible for the financial management of the library, including the preparation of the budget and the submission of accounts.

Applications should be sent to the Chairman, Education Committee, 11, Warwick Street, Warwick, CV1 1JH, by 15th April 1969.

Public and University Appointments

Public and University Appointments

AHMADU BELLO UNIVERSITY

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CORK

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UNIVERSITY OF EAST AFRICA

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON

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McMASTER UNIVERSITY

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THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK

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Applications should be sent to the Chairman, Education Committee, 11, Warwick Street, Warwick, CV1 1JH, by 15th April 1969.

Other Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON KING'S COLLEGE

APPLICANTS are invited to apply for the following posts:

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON KING'S COLLEGE

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of "alienation", by a degree of obscuration that has to be seen to be believed. Only plays with a high degree of alienation qualify for praise, but such plays cannot easily be followed by a non-specialized audience. The result is a steadily widening divergence between plays praised by the critics and plays liked by the audience. The critics praise Hans Cübeler, Michaelis, Peter Handke, Paul Pörtner, Otto F. Walter and similar writers whose works are not likely to be performed by unspecialized theatres in or outside Germany, while those playwrights who have had popular success in Germany—men like Rolf Hochhuth, Karl Wittlinger, Leopold Ahlsen—are treated by the critics not only as poor writers but as moral delinquents: offenders against the code of alienation. Frisch, Dürrenmatt and Fritz Hochwälder, the other three "German" playwrights who have been successful with the public, have remained largely free from such criticism only because they are not counted as Germans; Frisch and Dürrenmatt being Swiss, Hochwälder an Austrian.

Three other successful playwrights—Peter Weiss, Martin Walser and Heiner Kipphardt—have also escaped the slaughter, but for different reasons: their political convictions made it hard to attack them. Much as the critics disagreed with Walser's grab-bag of theatre techniques, much as they deplored the naive agitprop shape of Weiss's and Kipphardt's plays, they pulled their punches because the powers of reaction are still so strong in Germany that writers and critics of the Left. In order to survive at all, must preserve a measure of solidarity. Yet it is hard to suppress the suspicion that Weiss and Kipphardt have wrapped the core of their plays deliberately into a great deal of formalistic chichi so as to stave off any charge of writing old-fashioned theatre. The reception which these plays have had in the German press shows that only the hunderd reviews dealt with subject-matter while the intellectually ambitious ones felt obliged to concentrate their attention on formal aspects, praising the plays in so far as they introduced techniques of alienation and attacking them in so far as they preserved a simple directness of statement.

This upside-down world where plays are attacked if they work and praised if they don't, where plays of importance are challenged because they are too enjoyable, while productions bare of all social substance are lauded by critics who think of themselves as sociologists, is hard to understand outside West Germany. A displacement of values as profound as this can only be explained in terms of the country's failure to assimilate its past. The break with verisimilitude, plausibility, character, continuity, suspense and resolution—in fact, with the entire grammar of traditional theatre—is far more emphatic in Germany than in London, New York or Paris.

While we have remnants of nineteenth-century theatre surviving side by side with Brecht, Ionesco, Pinter and Arden, German critics find our tolerance for playwrights like Osborne and Wesker simply incomprehensible.

That Wesker, at any rate, happens to be a man who wants to change society does not concern even the socialist among Germany's younger theatre critics. Their view of revolution is determined by form, not by content. Anything that smacks of formal stability—or of order, structural balance and tradition—is distrusted as a symbol of the establishment; if not of the bourgeois establishment, then certainly of the communist one. In spite of ostensibly democratic endeavours—discussions between audience and stage people, between producers and critics—contempt for democracy rules the day. Discussions are so consistently limited to the same few points that it is hard to understand why they are held at all. Those who hold other views don't open their mouths anyway. Arguments become monologues; if there is any dialogue it is between the converted. The key question that the Left at least might be expected to pose—how do we make ourselves understood to the great mass of our public—is never asked. Playwrights who try to reach a mass audience are ranked as hacks, regardless of whether they do so in order to make money or to change their society.

An example was the two Experimental seasons produced by Peter Iden at Frankfurt in 1966 and 1967. Those who had learnt to respect his political integrity were shocked to find him involved with the idle fripperies of Otto Pfenner's *Lichtaktion*, the brazen nihilism of Bazon Brock's *Theater der Position*, the empty formalism of Peter Handke's *Publikumsbeschimpfung*. It was hard to reconcile the high social awareness of Iden's reviews in the *Frankfurter Rundschau* with his support of these essentially asocial, in some aspects profoundly anti-social, performances. That productions by men who have as little to offer as Paul Pärtner, Josef Beuys, Wolf Vostell and Ferdinand Kriwet were discussed even as possibilities for Experimental II and III seems to indicate that it is still difficult for Germany's theatrical avant-garde to distinguish between plays that have something revolutionary to say and productions that hide their incompetence under the guise of striving for revolutionary form.

Such statements must obviously be defined. Only the naive would dare, to our day, to lay down laws of what a play should or should not be. But it is hard to believe that any playwright of stature would lack one or both of two abilities—so awareness of man's position in society and an ability to present that awareness in such a manner that his audience will be interested in what he has to say. If Michaelis, Handke, Pörtner, Benys and, in their single work, Brock, Pfenner and Vostell seem to lack these

qualities, then we must cite examples of men and women who do not lack them: Martin Sperr, Gerlind Reinhold, Jochen Ziem, Hartmut Lange in West Germany; Peter Hacks, Heiner Müller, Rolf Schneider in the East.

It has been difficult for the West German adherents of an essentially realistic theatre tradition to make their way against the weight of the anti-realistic trend in West German theatrical criticism. Realist plays have been performed very rarely or not at all. Thus Martin Sperr wrote two plays and gave up work on the third and fourth so as to earn some money as translator and dialogue adaptor. In 1944, son of a Bavarian village school teacher, raised in an alpine school and educated in a convent school, he is that rarest of theatrical talents: a complete natural. After a brief training in commerce he suddenly decided at the age of sixteen "to become an actor". He went to Vienna, was accepted into the Max Reinhardt Seminar, worked there until 1962, completed his first play on Boxing Day that year and sent it to Suhrkamp: it was six hours long. Karlheinz Braun, editor of *Deutsches Theater der Gegenwart*, who was in charge of Suhrkamp's theatre department, helped him to cut it down. Working as night clerk in a Wiesbaden hotel, Sperr retyped it four times on a rickety old portable.

In 1966 it was performed in Bremen and Berlin under the title *Jagdzeiten aus Niederbayern*. "Hunting Scenes from Lower Bavaria". Its plot is simple. Abram, a village fool more interested in boys than girls, tries to "be normal" by getting Tonka, a village girl, with child. When the whole village rebels against this contrivance ("A man makes children, and a pussy makes poodles. Can't have anyone messing around with the natural order of things"), he kills her and runs away. The police offer a reward for him. The village hunts him down and invests the reward in a new church organ. Everybody is happy. A year later the Munich Kammerspiele produced his second play, *Einmalster Erzählungen*, in Rinnco and Juliet Somers set in a Bavarian town. Somers has got Sieglinde with child "out of real love, because she's got moony". The parents of the two lovers become involved in a deadly feud fought out by means of building "accidents", both parents being local builders. The victims are buried by communal silence. *Genitiv* strikes again prevails.

Sperr has nothing in common with any living playwright. He owes nothing to anybody. It is probably sheer coincidence that he appears to continue a forgotten trend and fulfil a forgotten hope of German drama—the inverted *Volkstümlichkeit* (or popular, lowbrow play) pioneered by Odön von Horváth, Marcellus Fleischer (*Pioniere in Ingolstadt*) and Heinrich Lautensack. He is unlikely to have been familiar with these authors when he began to write his own plays. His characters

are plausible, their dialogue idiomatically accurate, very funny, yet pregnant with the innuendo of menace. The financial determinants of social relations in West Germany (agriculture in the first play, small industry in the second) are observed with the fastidiousness of a chartered accountant. And—miracle of miracles—these plays are extremely entertaining; only when the curtain falls do we begin to think. Then the thought of what is wrong with Germany and what can be done to mend it is not easily expelled from the spectator's mind.

Gerlind Reinhold wrote her first play *Doppelkopf* in 1967. Its subject is the annual office outing. Heinrich Hoffmann, head of a building firm's accounts department, has the inevitable task of arranging the outing and bridging the tensions between employer and employees, between white and blue-collar workers, between office and building staff. Torn between rival groups, he loses his head. Overlapping dialogues, four simultaneous actions and a running commentary by a dwarf are minor complexities; the major one is the tone of the play: ostensibly realistic, brilliantly accurate in idiom and diction, it explodes every so often into sheer mania. Only verisimilitude of a high degree allows its sudden departures from plausibility to be felt as magic. The shock of madness in the midst of triviality transforms the industrial landscape into myth. It is a form of surrealist theatre far removed from Brecht's and Eluard's ideas.

Jochen Ziem and Hartmut Lange might be considered as links with the playwrights of East Germany, for both of them, though working now in West Germany, are immigrants from the East. Both are men of the Left and both have been strongly influenced by Brecht. Ziem was born in 1932 at Magdeburg, studied in Halle and Leipzig, worked with Brecht in East Berlin, moved to the West in 1956, worked there originally as an unskilled labourer, then as a journalist, became editor-in-chief of Germany's first consumer research magazine and left it in 1965 to start on a novel of some 600 pages to be called *Die Einladungen*. "The Invitations", the story of a West German couple's visit to the wife's parents in East Germany. The novel still remains uncompleted, but as by-products he wrote a radio play on the same subject (broadcast in 1966 from Baden-Baden), a television play and finally a stage version under the same title. It had its first night at the Schluspark Theater, Berlin, in April 1967. That December his second play, *Nachrichten aus der Provinz*, "News from the Provinces", was performed by Boleslaw Barlog's experimental stage, the Schiller Theatre "Workshop" in Berlin. Ziem's plays are semantic theatre of a most unusual kind. In *Nachrichten aus der Provinz* he dramatized actual newspaper clippings, taking sometimes as little as a single line (police man after bullying a student

into terrified silence: nation—all towards? ... times a small incident ... f-up, you couldn't ... with it ... a bigger one ... fellow-prisoner sentenced ... crimes against children ... camp we never did the ... out at least singing ... first").

Ziem believes that such a description not only individual whole nation; no language world, he says, is better than German to bring justification into a world against others. In his plays are linguistic studies: drama does not derive, but from the fact that one accuses someone else, one self. No one else can help him more to help him. Those of most other nations merely banal but have a pose—that of concealing anger.

Born in 1936, Hartmut Lange wrote a play about his own coal miner, *Seufzungen*, and sent it to Langhoff at the Deutsches Theater, East Berlin. Langhoff, Peter Hacks, then his class

mate, who wrote a long letter and its sequel, *Mandelstam*, urged Lange as his next effort. Since then, his were fired as a result of the play *Die Sorgen und die Macht* and *Hierher* have been censored below and Lange's plays to the Hans-Otto Potsdam. Markt's own procession full of flags, without explanation. The event West, and Markt had his first performance in Frankfurt in 1968. Lange says: "I was an alternative to Stalin's of the kulaks as a class." he argues, thought it was the peasants for socialists. A full follows in which Lange, open threats, twisted facts, forged documents, and appeals for loyalty to common cause follow each in such dizzy succession that one is left in utter confusion. "Did they give in? No one conquered? No one was the Administrator? I thought he, too, seems to me that this is all to the good. His followers are quivering by their own heads. They are equipped with dogs' heads and the play ends with a In praise of the good life which can now be enjoyed."

Written in a verse form, it is a second act, in the arrival of the misper, Lange shows the of the medal: St. Stalin only an inquisitor but his in mountains. He was not house he strove for approval because he had the courage to unpopular things. He did it of reality, not for self-entertainment for his own glorification, others.

which madly irritated Western audience, was followed in *Hierher*. If it is Hercules cleaned up much on earth, Lange asks, the price mankind paid for the job well done? Was it? How far was it motivated by Hercules's self-interest? Not have been better to do his best for any other? Such a question a play again built around a Hegelian triad. By the same cast as *Der* "good" Administrator who destroys Hercules, the wicked inquisitor of the play should now take the role of a "good" Administrator who destroys Hercules.

The plot is complex, follows a cyclical ends again in a depressing Depression because Lange, his brilliant mastery of dialogue, perhaps leading to a forbiddingly high cost of his gambit, the brilliant move, but also, his

suppressed sense of loss, reveal the school through which he has gone in East Germany. "The G.D.R.", he says, "is the perfect greenhouse for raising talents. But as soon as they are ripe they are forbidden." This is not only his own tragedy but also that of Peter Hacks and Heiner Müller. Hacks's tragedy is even greater than Lange's. Born in 1928, he wrote his first play *Das Volkstümliche* in 1953, saw his second one *Eröffnung des Indischen* in 1955, performed successfully by the Münchener Kammerspiele in 1955 and emigrated the same year to the C.D.R., taking with him the completed manuscript of *Hyacinth* and the first draft of his third play *Die Sehnsucht nach Lohse*.

The C.D.R., celebrated his coming in many articles and speeches, citing it as evidence of its own cultural superiority. For a year Hacks worked with Brecht's Berliner Ensemble, then Walter Langhoff engaged him as *Dramaturg* for the Deutsches Theater. In 1957 the East German Academy of Arts awarded him the Leipzig Prize for *Die Sehnsucht nach Lohse*, and in 1958 the East Berlin Kammerspiele performed successfully his fourth play, *Der Mitter von Sanssouci*, based on an idea by Brecht. These early plays were published in January, 1961, and reviewed in the *TLS* on March 3, 1961.

Then, at the height of his fame, his luck changed. Three steel workers wrote a letter to the party newspaper *Neues Deutschland* in complaint about the quality of the pressed coal briquettes their mill had been sent by the coal miners of the Senftenberg region. Hacks considered this as an historic occasion, the replacement of old-fashioned working-class solidarity by, according to Hacks, worked only against capitalism by a new communist solidarity—that between workers and the whole people. Under capitalism workers had not only the right but the moral duty to produce shoddy goods so as to contribute to the breakdown of capitalism. But under socialism it became their duty to produce the best possible goods, regardless of wages and living conditions that might militate against quality. Having so far limited himself to historical parables in the Brecht manner, he felt that he had now found his first contemporary theme.

He went to live with the miners of Senftenberg, wrote the play among them, and sent it to the East German Henschelverlag as his entry in a competition for the best modern play by a G.D.R. author. Langhoff bought it and put it into rehearsal at the Deutsches Theater. At this point, the play was still called *Briquets*. Then lightning struck out of nowhere. The play was cancelled. The workers of the Senftenberg region where Hartmut Lange had also lived and written: his *Senftenberger Erzählungen* were assigned to discuss revisions with the author. The main complaints were that he had reduced the development of the G.D.R. to a process of surmounting difficulties; in the attempt to surmount them, new difficulties appeared to turn up.



A scene from Moritz Tassow by Peter Hacks.

social problems, Hacks had projected a series of self-perpetuating antitheses (exactly what Hartmut Lange has in fact been doing in all his plays completed since leaving the G.D.R.). Instead of presenting the dictatorship of the proletariat as the emergence of incipient communism, he had presented it as the struggle against capitalist remnants. He had, in short, dwelt on the negative instead of accentuating the positive.

He rewrote the play and called it *Die Sorgen und die Macht*. "Problems and Power". Langhoff picked it up again and produced it as East Berlin's most important theatrical contribution to the Berlin Festival of 1961. It got a mixed reception. There was a rumour that the party had papered the house with a negative critique which had been responsible for all the bowing. This public disapproval was cited in the *Sixth Parting* in January, 1962, to justify the demand that the play should be taken off. A week later it was cancelled. Langhoff and Hacks were severely reprimanded and ultimately fired. Walter Ulrich, however, went out of his way to tell Hacks that no one was angry with him, everybody was agreed on his intent, but he should think more carefully before offering another "indefinite" play to the public.

Professor Kurt Hager, the chief party theoretician, summed it all up by saying: "Hacks sees human relations in our society primarily from the viewpoint of bourgeois psychology. How else can he explain that his protagonists are motivated almost exclusively by material acquisitiveness, by the pursuit of money and sex?"

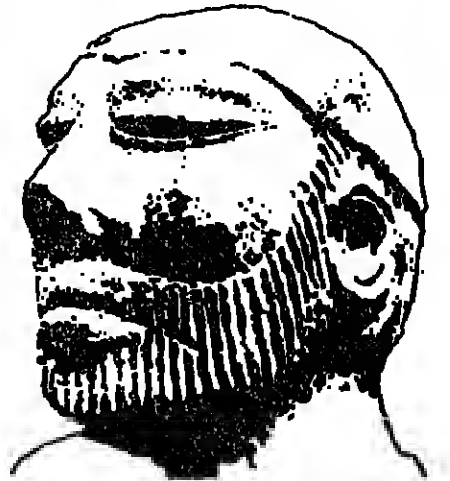
By 1965, when the Berlin Festival came around again and no other G.D.R. playwright of international standing had a new play ready, the establishment, *faute de mieux*, fell back on Hacks once more and staged his next play, *Moritz Tassow*. There was an almost farcical repetition of what had happened before. The eleventh Plenum of the Central Committee called the play "obscene" and *Neues Deutschland* wrote that "justified criticism of particular scenes has shown the necessity of rewriting the play in cooperation with the author." The G.D.R.'s theatre magazine, complained that *Moritz*, the communist play, was a policy of simple pragmatism which lifts practical utility to the status of truth.

Quite right, but that was the point of the play. To escape the kind of criticism to which he had been subjected before, Hacks this time practised an old Brechtian dodge: he removed his action into the past so as to view the present in a better perspective—the action begins in 1945. Moritz Tassow, a swineherd who has hidden his hatred of the Nazis by pretending to be deaf and dumb, begins to talk; he demands freedom now, paradise for all, perfect primal communism, all produce of the land to be shared by all. Needless to say, the dream collapses after a few months; the peasants are

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The older child

This week we devote the twenty pages which follow (however detachably) to children's books, but of course with our adult readers in view. Where, indeed, do the children come in? The books which we thus attribute to them are normally not only written and published by adults, but bought by adults, read aloud by adults and even sometimes collected by adults, to such a degree that children seem almost negligible to the whole business. Far be it from us to set up as champions of the under-tens against their parents and teachers, though there seems no reason why, in view of the present precocity boom in Western society, the spirit of revolt on the campus (that revolting word) should not in due course spread to the kindergarten and the rumpus room. But it is true that the world of children's books is to a great extent an adult world.

Anybody who has tried to find books for children will have seen how this works. No doubt they will be able to see again at the Bologna Children's Book Fair, which opens on April 19. There is, to begin with, a whole category of illustrated children's books which seem to have been designed for highly sophisticated ple-

torial tastes; that is, not for children, but for a somewhat artificial, grown-up concept of what children ought to be like—books with charming *fou-nai-f* drawings that look as if they had been done by a very old and artful child for the pages of *Grump's*. Sixty-five years ago such conscious primitivism was immensely stimulating: cubism, expressionism, the Russian ballet and a number of other aspects of the modern movement reflected it. Today, for better or worse, it has become an ad-man's cliché. Then there are books written in a way which can only be meant to divert the whimsical parental eye; anyone who has found himself bound to skip the more cloying domestic passages of the *Pooh* books when reading them aloud must know how irritating this is. Again, *Astérix* himself, to whom our principal children's book review is dedicated, has a very mixed appeal. It will be interesting to see whether the intrinsic fun of the stories proves more durable than those jokes and allusions which have given them, in adult eyes, their special relationship with the Fifth Republic.

Admittedly it is difficult for any adult to see books with an eye less sophisticated than his own. But perhaps not enough is done to cater for the very young child's concern with the book as an object—something that sounds horribly like some form of precocious bibliophilia but in fact looks very different as you watch the infant holding the book upside down, turning the pages for the feel of it, lugging it back to front in the shelf in much the same part-exploratory, part-initiative way as it treats any other item of parental hardware. Anybody who undertook to supply man-size books bound up from old newspapers—exercise books in the most literal, physical sense, to be used very much as a plunkit uses a dumb piano—would fulfil a real need.

Parents too are often thought of as buyers of gay, pretty books rather than in relation to such practical everyday problems as getting the children to concentrate, stopping them crying or reading them to sleep. This, it should be remembered, is the one category of literature where a reviewer's verdict "Couldn't stop yawning—had to force myself to turn the page" would send the customers rushing to the bookshops. How many publishers have the imagination to see that, and what student of English prose has made researches to find the most soporific vocabulary and style? (He might well start with *The Flapjack Bunnies*, whose very name is a model of somnolence.)

In fact the English children's book scene could stand a fresh examination. In one sense it is among the outstanding departments of our literature today, for no other country has anything like so rich and active a tradition of writing for the young. Here, as in the Crime and Detection department (and, to a less spectacular degree, in certain branches of scholarly writing), we really are purveyors to the world—something that is far from being true of our "serious" poetry and fiction, despite our high productivity rate. Yet it might well be argued that these (at any rate in the commercial sense) strong and weak points of contemporary English writing were both symptomatic of the same thing: a blurring of distinctions between the adult and the infantile, or what serious-minded Cambridge critics would no doubt see as a certain immaturity. That is: it is not so much a particularly acute concern with the needs and interests of the child that makes children's book writers of us, as a persistent childishness in ourselves. And this is visible not only in our attitude to crime stories, which are scarcely the most grown-up form of literature, but also in our more serious writing.

For if there is one theme which is

ending new magazine called *20th Century Studies*, produced by the Faculty of Humanities at the University of Kent. Here even the humble cream puff is wistfully circled as if it might be bonny-trapped; only after explaining that the new magazine will contain mostly historical, literary and philosophical material does the editor march commendably forward, hand outstretched: "None the less we definitely intend to establish contacts with scholars of other disciplines."

In fact, *20th Century Studies* looks like a venture worth support. It is not to be an academic magazine in the specialized sense, with the axes of scholars swinging vigorously into microscopic trees, but a magazine by academics—though not exclusively so, since the first issue contains a piece by Jo Grimmond—writing on much wider issues. So *20th Century Studies* will at least have the virtue of springing from its contributors' teaching concerns rather than directly from their research.

The theme of the first issue is too

wide for comfort. "Nationalism and European Heritage" contains some intriguingly Robert Skidelsky on St. Musley; H. M. Zeman on Thomas Mann's Germanism, revealingly compared with Alfred Rosenberg; and a sermon on the gay between Peter Continental concepts of the philosophy; Dr. Edmund furiously relativistic in his reaction to cut Europe down naturally speaking.

20th Century Studies is every six months and the second number will be out in June. Its treatment of sexual modern novel; this includes studies of G. K. Joyce and Henry Miller, and contributions from what are ambiguously referred to as "novels".

20th Century Studies is a bit over-priced at 15s. but subscribers can get two copies for the price of one. It is available at the University of Kent, for 25s.

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—with separate reviews of *The Endless Steppe* and the new Ivan Southall (both 349), *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* (355), the new Maurice Sendak and *The Mouse and his Child* (middle opening).

Panoramix, Astérix, Obélix, Idéfix: the names of all the Gauls end in -ix, on the analogy with Veretinceturix, who led a rather less successful revolt against Caesar. This suffix gives room for endless puns on French words and phrases ending in -ique, -ique and -ix (*panoramique, astérixique, obélixique, idéfixe*). The chief of the village is Abraracourcix (*à bras raccourcis*). This impressive ruler has only one fear—that the sky will fall on his head. The cast of main characters is completed by the bard Assurancetourix (*assurance tous risques*) whose singing is so appalling as to constitute at moments of crisis a secret weapon second only to Panoramix's potion. At other times, by any methods necessary, he is made to shut up.

The plots of most of the stories follow a fairly standard pattern. The Romans (or occasionally another enemy) try to subdue the intrepid Gauls and are rebuffed by one or more of the Gauls' retaliatory resources—Panoramix's potion, Obélix's strength, Astérix's guile or Assurancetourix's singing. The formula is belittled by the comedy,

which is either verbal (there are excruciating puns) or else consists of 1066 and All That historical jokes, anachronisms and topical allusions.

But there is a good deal of repetition from one story to the next, and after reading one of the others is in proportion to the extent to which they diverge from the formula. A change of setting gives a refreshing opportunity for a whole range of new jokes, as for example in *Astérix et Cleopâtre* which appeared in 1965—not long after Elizabeth Taylor's *Cleopatra*. The first frame of the story quotes Pascal's tag about how, if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the face of the whole world would have been different. The second frame shows us Cleopatra. She is beautiful, but her nose is undeniably on the long side, and it is a subject about which she is extremely sensitive. (As for the Sphinx's nose, that was lost when Obélix was clambering about on it.) To prove that the Egyptian people have not lost their genius, Cleopatra bets Caesar that they can build a sumptuous palace in

Alexandria in three months. With the help of the Gauls and their potion, she just manages to meet the deadline.

For the English reader, however, by far the best story is *Astérix chez les Bretons*, a work of friendly retaliation against the Englishman's stereotype of the conical garlic-eating, onion-selling, bare-chested, oola-la-ing froggy. The British tribes have been beaten by the Romans because of their refusal to fight at the weekends, and because they insist on knocking off in mid-battle for cups of hot water with a dash of milk (the tea habit obviously antedates the discovery of tea). The defeated British are obliged to call on their friends across the channel for help and Astérix and Obélix put things right by bringing over a barrel of the magic potion.

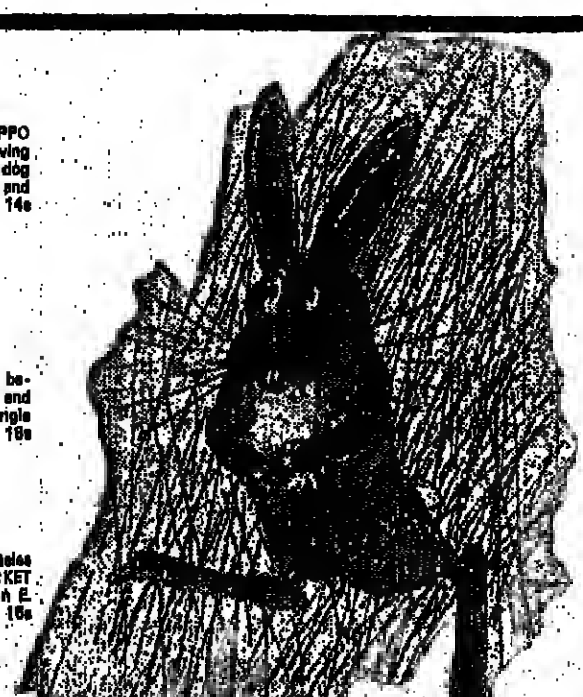
The British are shown as being extremely polite and formal, shaking hands all the time (in fact, surely, we shake hands less often than any other European nationality). British food, of course, is disgusting, and our ancestors apparently lived as we do in rows of tiny identical barmen with perfect grass lawns, they drank warm beer, drove on the wrong side of the road, wore tweeds, and so on.

But the best things in this story are the Anglicisms. An Englishman agrees with someone by saying "Il est, n'est-il pas?" Other sayings include "Combien étrange", "Bonne chance, et toute cette sorte de choses", "Bonté gracieuse!", "Je dis. Ça c'est un morceau de chance!" and, when attacked by the unsporting Romans at the weekend, "Aob! ébouquant! Ce ne sont pas des geoffils hommes".

In all the stories the Gauls are victorious over such lesser breeds as are foolish enough to come into conflict with them—Romans, Goths, Normans, or whoever it may be. The element of crude nationalism here is strong and is not only Gallic but also Gnuilist (the first French satellite, after all, was called Astérix). And what is Panoramix's potion but a *force de frappe*?

A cartoon in *L'Express* a couple of years ago showed a group of Frenchmen watching an international football match on television. As goal after goal was scored against them the men became more and more dejected, until the match ended and they were totally downcast at their country's defeat. The last drawing of the cartoon showed them with gleeful smiles on their faces as, having switched off the television, they sat reading Astérix.

This cartoon explains a lot of the commercial success of Astérix in France, just as the success of Astérix goes some way to explain the long reign of General de Gaulle. Like Astérix, the General treats Anglo-Saxons and other foreigners with *hauteur*. Blindly ignoring unacceptable realities, Gauls and Gnuilists alike appear happiest when throwing foreigners into confusion. Of course, it's all good clean fun: de Gaulle isn't equally good to go to war against his allies, any more than Obélix ever causes fatal injuries in the Roman patrols he assaults. A few black eyes and bloody noses perhaps, and a lot of



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hurt pride and trampled dignity, but nothing more serious.

And when it is French dignity in the real world that is suffering, Astérix is always reassuringly there to restore it in fantasy. The clearest example is in sport. Before the 1964 Olympics the French newspapers were full of boasts about how many medals they were going to win. In the event they did extremely badly (if memory serves, their only gold medal was won by a horse). In the 1968 Olympics France did less badly, but this time heavy insurance against further humiliation had been taken out well in advance. This insurance was in the form of *Astérix aux Jeux Olympiques*. In a sense, whatever happened in Mexico was irrelevant: Astérix had won his gold already. And because Astérix so closely reflects French self-esteem it seems very unlikely that, whatever topical allusions the strip may have, there

will ever be references to anything in the real France of today that shows the serious divisions in the nation—the events of last May, for example. And now Astérix, which seems so calculated to pump up the French national psyche, is being sold to the English. The first volume to be translated, *Astérix le Gaulois*, makes an extremely good job of finding English equivalents for the puns and allusions in the original. The names of Astérix and Obélix have, rightly, remained unchanged. Gaius is an excellent substitute for Panoramix, as are Cacofonix for the hard Assurance-tourist, and Vitalstatistix for the chief Abracoreux; perhaps they are even slight improvements. "Bang! Bill! Boun! Kerplouk!" however, does not have quite the force of the original's "Paf! Bill! Boun! Schplouk!" But this is a small point. Clearly the job of Englishing Astérix is in very capable hands. (One wonders how the ingenuity of the translators will cope with *Astérix chez les Bretons*.)



LADIES OF ENGLAND

SARAH FIELDING: *The Governess*. Or, Little Female Academy. Introduction and Bibliography by Jill E. Grey. (The Juvenile Library.) Oxford University Press, 30s.

The ancients were sound on the subject of boarding schools; they declared that a girl was better off without them. Dorothy Kilner in the 1780s went so far as to sub-titile her *Ancient of a Boarding School*, "An Antidote to the Vices of those Useful Seminaries". She conceded that if one lived a long way from the capital there was nothing else for it if a girl was to have "any instructions in those polite accomplishments, so necessary for every woman to possess, who wishes to pass through life with any degree of grace or dignity". But she shook her head over the consequences—the contact with the evil practices of other children whereby "the child from a good home sees for the first time lying, cheating, quarrelling, fighting, neglect of religious duties, and may insensibly become contaminated by the other girls' easy acceptance of these".

Over this pollution our ancestors had two separate sets of standards—for their sons and their daughters. It was right that a girl should be shielded from every breath of impurity; they had no confidence, it seemed, that the female heart could resist temptation, or could fall to be contaminated if evil were present. From Miss Kiloer to Charlotte Yonge and Mrs. Molesworth, they all deplored the girls' boarding establishment, the follies and the vices that were to be found there, the unsuitable companions, the inadequate education. Mr. Tucker, the father of that formidable lady, A.L.O.E., "had a very pronounced objection to schools for girls; indeed, he had himself made an early resolution never to marry any girl who had been educated at school"—a resolution which would imply celibacy now, but did not in the early years of the last century.

But for sons it was different. Boys, it seemed, ought to be exposed to evil, and every parent dispatching a son to that "existence among devils" which Lord Salisbury when Prime Minister remembered with such horror, hoped, prayed and expected that their particular offspring would pass through the fiery furnace and emerge purified, the better for the experience. Lord Salisbury himself, when the time came, sent his own sons to Eton, although his loathing of the place was such that he could not be

afternoon. School made men of boys; it did not make gentlemen of girls—though it might make fashionable ladies.

Even writers of such stern moral purpose as Mrs. Sherwood adopted these double standards. Frivolity that she would have deplored in a girl she readily countenanced in a boy and *My Will be Boys*, which she wrote with her daughter in 1834, is full of light-hearted talk and buxom horse-play. Even in *Henry Miller*, where Henry progresses with such unwavering steadiness through 900 pages to his goal of Holy Orders, there are some lively junketings at his private school with loads of fowl, mullet, and hnm being hauled up to the dormitory window for a mid-night feast.

But this sort of behaviour was not condoned in the girls' school story until generations later. Just at what point it became permissible it is hard to say. Angela Brazil's stories in the first decade of this century show the sort of merry larks that bring one into complete agreement with Mr. Tucker; one could not marry a girl reared in such an establishment. But even in Miss Brazil's schools the amount of supervision that was considered desirable for young females was greatly in excess of that given to boys who, ever since school stories began, had been wandering, once lessons were over, free as air, driving mail coaches (Miss Edgeworth), poaching (Thomas Hughes), checking gamekeepers (Kipling).

In Sarah Fielding's *The Governess* which, published in 1749, is the earliest known school story, the supervision given by Mrs. Teachum to her nine little pupils is not as rigorous as at some seminaries. She occasionally deposes authority to her eldest girl, Jeany Peape, who boyevor is quite unable to restrain the riot that breaks out over which pupil is to have the apple (and an unconvincing quarrel it is too) provides one of the book's few lively moments. *The Governess* has considerable historical importance, which is why the Oxford University Press have printed it as the third volume in their Juvenile Library, but it is very dull. The author's scheme of allowing the pupils to tell their own histories, and of interspersing the slender narrative with stories, was one that was copied by a host of followers—often very much more successfully—often thinks at once of the *Lamb's* *Mrs. Leicester's School*.

It has one of the earthy vigour of Dorothy Kilner's *The Village School*, written some 35 years later, with its

Those who prefer to read in the original, however, will find the notes helpful. The notes for English editions now also available. These notes spell out some of the more complicated jokes and puns. This presentation in English does Astérix great justice, interesting to see what kind of books the books enjoy here, sometimes, perhaps, wrongly, one had imagined Astérix as being less

GOSWIMY and URSULA: *The Endless*. Translated by Derek Hockridge. Brockhampton Press, 12s.

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story without a trace of self-pity. The pity she has she keeps for those who need it most; her mother, fated always to have hard, manual jobs (beginning with dynamiting in the mine); her grandmother, violently separated from her husband and later hearing of his death only at second hand; and for the many others whose lives were harder than her own. The things she celebrates are courage and humour, kindness which she links in many unexpected places, and the sheer ability to survive. Her book is often very funny and her memories, in the way of those who survive such experiences in a moral as well as a physical sense, tend to have a happy turn.

Describing her second summer in Siberia she mentions typhus. She knew that people were dying in droves and she was terrified but, in the next breath, adds that it was also the summer she saw Desna Durbin in *100 Men and a Girl* four times at the village cinema. Never, through all the real dangers and privations, does this cease to be the story of a child growing to girlhood in an alien but not wholly inimical environment. It is a timely reminder to the sentimentalists of childhood that in many respects the young are tougher and more resilient than their elders and can take much more in their stride. The one thing without which childhood dies Esther Hautzig had and abundantly thanks heaven for: she was always loved and had people to love and work for in return.

But although Esther and her parents and grandmother survived, and life in Siberia improved for her so much towards the end that the notion of leaving when the war was over and going back to a strange and unknown Poland made her shrink and protest that she was happy where she was, the worst was still to come. Gradually they learnt the truth, that of all the sprawling family left behind in Vilna who escaped deportation only two cousins and an aunt of her mother's family had survived. All the rest, brothers, sisters, cousins, all were dead. The exile had saved their lives.

This is a magnificent and heartening book. Mrs. Hautzig is a born writer and life has given her a subject of more power than any novel.

—AND DEATH

HAUTZIG: *The Endless*. Translated by Derek Hockridge. Brockhampton Press, 12s.

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but the lorry had been unloading a load of cyanide and, to add to the horror of what they may find, Max and Brenda now have to face fear of contamination from the bursting drums as well. And back at the shack, for good measure, Tony, their younger brother, left in charge of David, is menaced by a neurotic neighbour with a gun, who lets the uncontrollable small boy escape out into the night and fog, bearded straight for the cyanide.

Separated from his sister, in one brief lifting of the fog Max sees the tell-tale score marks in the road and, way down over the side of the bill, the car and lorry too. The fog rescends and after a nightmare scramble he finds Alison, imprisoned but unhurt. The strangely beautiful relationship that grows between them as he stays to comfort her, the ebb and flow of their feelings as they talk and glimpse a future that they both might share is so movingly done that for a while it suspends disbelief. But when Max makes himself leave Alison to go back to the responsibility of his own brothers and sister the doubts that have been building up in one's mind, even about the story's validity on its own terms, break away too.

Would Max really not have gone to find out if there were any hope that his parents might be still alive? Could Alison talk so detachedly with her father dead only a few inches away? Is it plausible that a boy could be as conscious of and articulate about his reactions as Max is in his moments of shock?

"Disaster . . . on a television screen," so run his thoughts at the scene of the accident, "was two foot-square . . . locked in, caged . . . then the picture would change and instantly it would be gone. But these rules were here . . . they would not go away." Neither, when so deliberately presented by such a forceful

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Involved in History

A COMPARISON of *The Poplary* and *Early Thunder* lends support to the truism that human nature does not change. Though one is set in the Scotland of the 1540s and the other in Massachusetts on the eve of the War of Independence, the sufferings of their heroes have much in common. Both are caught up in violent events brought about by a clash of doctrines which lead citizens of sixteenth-century St. Andrews and eighteenth-century Salem to behave in much the same way. In both places gangs of young hoodlums make the night streets unsafe for peaceable folk, walls are daubed with scurrilous slogans, and partisan feelings run high. The weapons of Scottish Protestants and American Whigs alike are wanton destruction of property, arson, and buckets of slops. In our own day, human nature being what it is, we can only be thankful that the bucket of slops is a thing of the past.

The hero of *The Poplary* is caught up willy nilly in the events following the murder in St. Andrews in 1542 of the evil-living, Protestant-hating Archbishop, Cardinal Beaton. Chance brings David Lindsay, the foppish son of a wealthy Scottish wine merchant living in Bordeaux, to St. Andrews of this time, and adversity keeps him there for a year while the rebels are besieged in the castle. He is succeeded by a poor fisher girl and her crazy grandmother, who are concerned with keeping themselves alive to bother about politics or religious quarrels, the victims of both poverty and the superstitions of their neighbours.

Wherever their sympathies lie, it is clear that the townspeople of St. Andrews would prefer not to be involved in civil strife, and they are shown as struggling to keep their life going as normally as possible in these grim circumstances. They are afflicted both by the holders of the castle, who make frequent forays into the town to seize what food they can, and by the besieging forces complete with the court of the four-year-old queen, whom they have to support despite growing famine. To cap it all, as so often happens, there is an outbreak of plague to contend with.

Iona McGregor brings all this brilliantly to life and throws in a quarrel of the bakers' guild for good measure, for when the fisher girl's hovel is destroyed the three are taken in by a weak-willed widower baker. Those four are convincing, three-dimensional characters, and if some of the minor ones are little more than sketches in, they too have a certain vitality. It is an exciting and absorbing story, firmly based in reality, and with a keen insight into period and place.

Daniel West, the hero of *Early Thunder*, is more directly involved in the factions tearing Salem than is David Lindsay in those of St. Andrews, since he is himself a Tory and the son of a leading one, not an outsider accidentally caught up in affairs. The citizens of Salem take sides vehemently in the uneasy days between the Boston Tea Party and the outbreak of war, and Daniel and his family are the butt of many Whig attacks. His life is further complicated by the fact that his widowed father chooses this moment to bring home a new wife. If

the scene seems paler, the characters less rounded and the slops less than in *The Poplary*, it is because *Early Thunder* is not well conceived, it is simply that *The Poplary* is an outstanding book.

One of the incidental results of the American War of Independence was the setting up of a colony of freed slaves in Sierra Leone. Listed by the English philosopher Granville Sharp, it was originally intended as a home for the banished, freed slaves who swelled the ranks of London's poor. At the time, slaves were fighting their masters in North America, the strength of the British Government's promise of freedom after the war. In this day and age, the promise of freedom was given, in Nova Scotia, where some of them had the land to till, but the latter was thickly forested and owners lived in hunger and misery while they slowly tried to clear the land. Some of these, and many of the white farmers for no reason than food, so that, in the end, the colony was abandoned. The story of a wealthy Scottish wine merchant to support it, real freedom being rapidly whittled away in response to a petition to Lord Sharp's Sierra Leone colony, opened to those ex-slaves by *Benjie's Parrot* tells the story of a fictitious one of them.

What distinguishes Maude's novel is the fact that it does not shrink from the truth. The Negroes regard Sierra Leone as the Promised Land, they do not see it as a land of idleness and poverty. They go prepared for hard work, even disillusionment, and they do not end with 'they lived ever after'. Indeed, it is a more disillusioned, harsher and more understanding are in store for colonists, and in it all can be seen the ravings of many of the problems afflict the world today. The novel, nevertheless, is not a depressing one for the author tells his story with warmth and compassion that the reader feel that perhaps there is something of value in human nature after all.

IRMA McQUEEN: *The Poplary*, Faber, 18s.

JUAN FRUTZ: *Early Thunder*, Gollancz, 21s.

MARTIN BALLARD: *Benjie's Parrot*, Illustrated by F. D. Phillips, Mans Young Books, 21s.

What Also...

ANNE MOLLOY: *Captain West's Indians*, Illustrated by Robin Richardson, 18s.

In 1605 five Red Indians were taken to the coast of what is now England for the express purpose of being put to death. Three eventually escaped, one of them ultimately becoming famous as the Sagoy, the first white man to visit the Americas.

MICHAEL MOTT: *Matter-Ender's Books*, 4s.

How a Lancashire boy, formerly ported to America, finds his way in the new, raw country when he is killed by Indians.

THE THREE SHORT STORIES in *Mr. Corbett's Ghost* are in characteristic Garfield vein. The best is undoubtedly the last, 'The Simperton' is a youth being transported for stealing. He is befriended by an evil old hag who uses him as an excuse for rousing his fellow convicts to mutiny. By an ironic twist, the simperton finds himself on the side of the angels, and is rewarded with a fortune, an opportunity for revenge, and a pretty young wife of doubtful character.

The story that gives the book its title is a ghost story with all the spine-chilling qualities of this author at his best - or, at least it is during the first part of the story, before Mr. Corbett's ghost appears.

LEON GARFIELD: *Mr. Corbett's Ghost*, Illustrated by Andrew, Mans Young Books, 21s.

THE SENSE OF PLACE

Ray: *Spring Tide*, Illustrated by Janet Duchesne, Faber and Faber, 21s.

Ray, although by no means as good as yet as she deserves, is the evidence of fewer than half a dozen books, probably one of the best historical novelists at writing for the young. Her books belong not to your picture-book and thence school, but to a more select band of reflection, a medium for the exploration of human motives and character. Her protagonists are generally ascribed to the demands of the period, and her appeal is equally as much to girls.

In her chosen settings - ancient Rome and Roman Britain - a sense of place is almost as important as a sense of time. Some of these, and many of the things that are the same now as then, the observation of a bird or a patch of grass, provide a vital link between the reader and the people of the past.

The action in her latest book, *Spring Tide*, takes place in and around the Roman garrison town of Car Taff in west Britain during the troubled times before

Constantine became emperor, and here again it is the ordinary things which strike a chord: nettles growing in a ditch, apple trees and currant bushes in a garden. Through them, this precarious outpost of a dwindling empire, where splendid old buildings fall into decay and any moment may bring a attack by hostile tribes, becomes for a space home to the reader as it is to Con and Julius and Lavinia, the children in the book.

But in *Spring Tide* Mary Ray has attempted something more difficult than in her earlier books, which is to show a spiritual as well as an material crisis taking place in the lives of her characters. Con and Julius are not in fact children. They are on the verge of manhood, and when the strange, red-haired young man Brychan comes to them in a moment of great peril they are ready to give him a boy's hero-worship. Their friendship and admiration ripen but it is only later they discover Brychan is one of the proscribed Christians. By then, danger threatens him closely and he needs their help.

The slow degrees by which the boys' natural instincts to help a friend become transformed into a positive share in that friend's beliefs make up the thread of the story. The events through which their faith develops are swift and exciting and

include the capture and dramatic rescue of Brychan and some chilling scenes of interrogation by an exceedingly nasty Roman bureaucrat.

Spring Tide is a very good book for our times because the initial situation, in which the comfortably established state religion (temperance) is merely a cipher and where the military cult of Mithras occupies much the same place in society as Freemasonry does today, is a not unfamiliar one.

To the authorities, Christianity is seen to be not so much a faith as a purely political menace, and at the same time the absence of a faith appears as a gap in people's lives. Unconsciously, Con and Julius and their friends are ready for Brychan's God. Where Miss Ray has, to some extent, failed is in jibbing of the ultimate consequences of her thesis. It is, in truth, having got herself into an inescapably tragic situation, she had then remembered this was a book for children and drawn back, softening the blow. The tragedy is there, but muted. The cruelties of comfort offered are material not spiritual after all and this inevitably takes the edge off the triumph of faith, turning it into a demonstration rather than an experience. Next time, Miss Ray, harden your heart. The young can take it, if you can.

Crusaders, Monks and Britons

Candle at Dusk is a short book and by its telling seems to be aimed at a younger reader, but even so its narrative content seems neither long nor muscular enough to be satisfying, and there is sometimes an impression of incidents being inflated and laboured. Idrun, ten-year-old nephew of the farm clear Water in eighth-century France, longs for nothing more than to learn his letters at the monastery of Ligne near by. His father's refusal is made the more adamant when the wily Prior Simon claims some of Clear Water's lands and lake rights. But Idrun is no milk-luck, one feels like a wild boar at the games and gains his father's promise that he can leave whatever he chooses. He naturally chooses to learn to read in a quiet which is later vindicated in a practical way, and peace is restored between Clear Water and Ligne by the seemingly simple expedient of Don Defensor (Idrun's teacher, the librarian) going to the saintly Abbot and making him aware of what Prior Simon is up to.

The details of domestic life in the depths of rural France, and in the monastery, are drawn with perhaps over-living sensibility, and include the betrothal of Idrun to a neighbouring farmer's spilt daughter, Judith; while the larger background is the encroaching of the Saracens upon Spain and Frankland and the victory at Poitiers in 732. In the course of the fighting Ligne is razed to the ground and all Idrun's friends killed: but the boy rescues from the ruins the anthology of Don Defensor (which does, we are told, exist in many copies). The story has nostalgic charm, but the characters are shallowly and rather uncertainly drawn. For instance, if Idrun is really the well-balanced young man indicated, able to up and kill a boar without notice, and capable of being a scholar too, then his failure to show any proper, modest pleasure in the book-killing is perversely unnatural, and rather unlikely: a kind of inverted pride.

You can manipulate the King Arthur myth to fit any here and now, which is its strength and fascination. Here in *The Sleepers*, the King sleeps and waits in a story about archaeologists. Two honest archaeologists helped by four children discover in a semi-private search (by means of the new machine which traces different kinds of rock formations on a dial) the cave where Artair and his band sleep, with twelve of their thirteen treasures. An 'official' archaeological dig, employing the Morgan Sand & Gravel Co., turns out to be concealing the old enemy, Fata Morgana, Morgan Le Fay (quite properly reclining on white velvet in a de-luxa caravan) intent upon drilling through to the civilisation of the

so getting an evil hold upon Britain. In order to wake Artair to the danger there is need that the bronze bell, found by the children at the cave entrance near the roots of the ancient Eildon Tree, be rung. But this has already gone up to the B.M., with consequences which may be imagined. Merlin, white-bearded and querulous, directs operations, at first appearing among the roots of the tree; and although one wonders why he is given eighteenth-century archaic to talk, this is not a bad Merlin, if a little uncertain (why does he understand about wire fences, alarms and drilling machines, but not, apparently about trains?).

The treatment of Arthur is interesting in that Jane Louise Curry really has it both ways fairly successfully. There is a realistic, uncomfortable, severely practical discovery of the sleepers, snoring gently in their cave, properly ragged Romano-Britons after battle; and a little less convincing when they start to talk and plan. But for the last battle with Morgan the author retreats to a distance, giving us sword, lance and pealing horn under a summer night sky, apocalyptic and undetailed. While for the last vision of all, when the King and his band reach London victorious and appear through a sudden mist swirling over an Embankment which is 'then' and not 'now', to bear away the Treasures in the houseboat Lucy (one of the little ships of Dunkirk, appropriately enough, she has gone completely 'idyllic'; and very movingly so. The early part of this story, the search with the new machine, is slow and over-detailed for any but the 'archaeological' reader, for the technical interest has taken first place and makes the characters difficult to distinguish and the geography confused. Once over this, it is an exciting, varied, fast-moving fantasy with its heart in the right place, and shows some skill in the full use of a big bunch of characters, young and older, second-sighted and down-to-earth, all delineated with zest and some conviction.

GEORGE FARRER: *Journey to Jerusalem*, Angus and Robertson, 22s. 6d.

P. M. ALMEIDA: *A Candle at Dusk*, Illustrated by Dorcas Roberts, Oxford University Press, 17s. 6d.

JANE LOUISE CURRY: *The Sleepers*, Illustrated by Gareth Floyd, Dennis Dobson, 18s.

And Also...

WILLIAM MAYNELL: *Earthlights*, Penguin Books, 4s. 6d.

For Mayne addresses this story of place and time - the Yorkshire dates of now haunted by the Arthurian and Napoleonic past - is not to be missed. It shows this writer's astonishing gifts of character drawing, boys especially, and of combining the everyday and homely with the strange and far off. It was his best story of the supernatural and came

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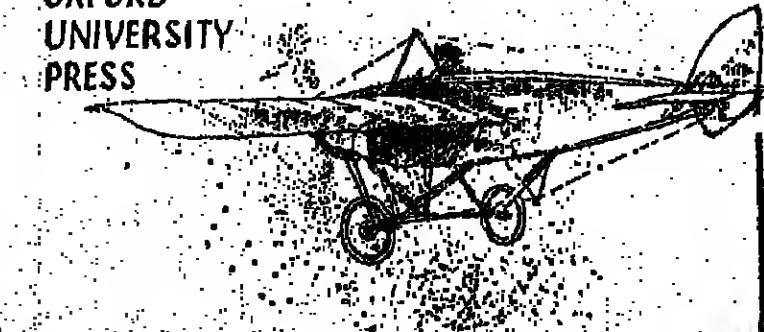
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HALF-MAGIC

LOOKED at historically, *Hamish Macgillan* by Elizabeth Goudge, published in 1945 and now appearing in a new edition, is a fragile link between the full-blooded Edwardian fantasy of E. Nesbit and the mid-twentieth-century blossoming of the giants of the landscape-fantasy school. How weak the link, how great the development, a rereading of Miss Goudge's book will show. The children in the story, Henrietta and Hugh Anthony, are real enough when the faeries happen to be on them but the author all too often allows her interest to be riveted by the eccentric Edwardian adults who are invited to Hugh Anthony's birthday picnic, because, one feels, she is really more attracted to adults and suffers children only as a necessary adjunct to her story. It is an uneasy book for this reason and its pious and mining overtones will do little to encourage a modern readership which can gorge itself on Mayne and Garner.

The Search for the Tinker Chief by Brid Mahon is an Irish yarn which sets off at a rollicking pace and then jigs along until the reader and the narrator drop, exhausted, on the last page. The time is always the same and the book lacks the shape which similar material, in the hands, say, of Patricia Lynch, would have taken. As it stands, there is fun, music, laughter, magic in profusion—but no plan.

Will Nickless's *Dotted Lines* is also a shapeless yarn. This author is by now (this is the fourth in the "Owl-glass" series) so obsessed by his animal humans—Sir Odysseus Harris, Pophose, Hugsywig Slimery, Brock—that he will only retain as readers those few who enjoy social satire for its own sake and can dispense with a properly constructed narrative. As the following excerpt demonstrates, his readers will also have to be uncritical of loose writing.

Was Edward alive? Yes, I'm afraid he was. And Hogsywig Slimery, O.C., the dreadful lawyer, he was alive too, and I propose we now join them in the underground caverns where they live incarcerated by the moles. Although in point of fact they were not in the network of tunnels at all, but carefully guarded prisoners in the once painted chambers of the Institute. These were gorgeous rooms, lighted only by the flickering phosphorescence of glowing worms... are the prisoners' living quarters and we join them to the sound of music.

And so on, and so on.

Whatever has happened to the creator of *Worms* Gimmidge? *The Shop on Wheels* is a good half-magic idea but Barbara Euphonia Todd seems to have lost touch with the young audience she could once hold spellbound. The stories in this book (which are all linked) are too long and confused and contain too many unimportant walk-on characters. Cut down to the size and price of an "Antelope" or "Reindeer" this

might have been a good book, for the discipline of series writing clearly benefits this author: her earlier "Shop" book, *The Shop by the Sea* (Hamish Hamilton, Reindeer, 8s, 10s), was tighter-knit and a small gem of its kind.

Frank Baum had a flow of imagination, a depth of humour, a sense of character and a narrative control rare in writers of fantasy. A



From *The Town that Went South*

reissue of *The Magical Mountain of Oz* by Frank Ver Beck, and a new edition of the better known *The Marvellous Land of Oz* (a continuation of *The Wizard of Oz*), with a tremendously successful set of robust but wizardly drawings by Buro, bring the genius of this American author again into the limelight—but throw into the shade a collection of new fairy tales by the Dutch author, Godfried Bomans, *The Willy Wizard and the Wicked Witch*. The best stories here, like "The Small Kingdom", are a joy to read; but a number are flat, short and undistinguished. An occasional real pearl is to be found in this synthetic necklace.

ELIZABETH GOUDGE: *Hamish's House*. Illustrated by Antony Maitland. Gerald Duckworth, 25s.
BRID MAHON: *The Search for the Tinker Chief*. Illustrated by William Blaker. Dublin: Allen Piggis, 15s.
WILL NICKLESS: *Dotted Lines*. Illustrated by the Author. John Baker, 18s.

BARBARA EUPHONIA TODD: *The Shop on Wheels*. Illustrated by Jill Cruckford. World's Work, 18s.
L. FRANK BAUM: *Surprising Adventures of the Magical Mountain of Oz and his People*. Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck. New introduction by Martin Gardner. Dover Publications, London: Constable, 19s. *The Marvellous Land of Oz*. (Children's Illustrated Classics.) Dent, 21s.
GODFRIED BOMANS: *The Willy Wizard and the Wicked Witch*. Translated by Robert Bartle. Illustrated by Patricia Crampin. Dent, 22s.

WRONG WAY ROUND

PAUL HAMLYN have produced two fat books of poetry for children by Leonard Clark—such is one's first impression. But on closer examination one finds that these are actually hoard books of full-colour pictures by eight Japanese artists (copyright in 1967 by Shufunotomo Co. Ltd. of Tokyo) to which at a later date Mr. Clark has added some more or less appropriate verses. Leonard Clark is well known as an anthologist and as a skilful putter-together of words. He has written some pleasant poems for children in the past; one remembers "Earth-worm" wriggling down the page in his collection *Daybreak*, his "Neighbours" and "Pet Shop". "O, I really think it is absurd/They don't keep a whale or a ladybird" in the same book, and his "Class" in *Miscellany Four*.

It is depressing to find him now lending his name to such a piece of international book-making as this. Like the mid-Atlantic accent, a rootless book can easily take the worst of both worlds. The best of these pictures are quite clearly Japanese, with their high thatched village houses and washing hanging on bamboo poles. They sit uncomfortably with Mr. Clark's verses. Sharp-eyed children will wonder why Sam in his field is wearing a coolie hat and, old

Leonard Clark himself once said that good poetry for children makes children more aware. These books will make adult readers anyway aware of the dangers of a facility to write verse. There are of course a few occasions where the pictures have encouraged Mr. Clark to write something worth reading but for the most part this is trite, trivial stuff.

Sing a Song of Everything is also book-making. The pictures by Mirko Haisk originally illustrated a Czech text by Krista Bendová in 1963. Now they appear again with fifty-six verses by Rosemary Garland. The blurb suggests that Miss Garland is recreating and remembering childhood experiences. In fact, what she is doing, like Mr. Clark, is displaying considerable ingenuity, for no real purpose. The verses are almost inevitably without pressure or flavour. It is good that Paul Hamlyn should wish to provide attractive full-colour books at low prices but one hopes they will not continue this disturbing policy of prepping books the wrong way round.

LIONEL CLARK: *Here and There*. *Near and Far*. Paul Hamlyn, 15s. 6d. each.
ROSEMARY GARLAND: *Sing a Song of Everything*. Illustrated by Mirko

FUNNY FANTASTIC

HUMOUR and fantasy can walk like the Walrus and the Carpenter, hand in hand, but outside the comic strip, with a few illustrious exceptions, they seldom do. Those who enjoy a chuckle in their dreams will welcome the new *Clive King* and the new Elaine Harsanyi.

The "new" *Clive King* was in fact written before *Stig of the Dump* and

Voiceline (R.N. Radd) and Shingle the Mayor are delightful, but most of the children who appreciate this character and are also to be found in the new *Clive King* comes from the juxtaposition of ultra-British themes—made fudge and bangers with French aristocrats, African and Australian seagulls, a than Clive King's "earlier" *The Town that Went South* for its talented author a wider readership. Maurice R. illustrations are sharply peep

The Hubbles and the Bobs, new departure for Elaine Harsanyi in this volume the Bobs take them forward in time of backwards as in the first Hubble stories. Here Alaric Boffins' leader, takes BND himself, as planned, in TRIM Millennium 200—or the year for those who still speak English. He goes forward to purpose—to bring home a robot housemaid to run his father's old-fashioned house Cathedral Close. But Debra whom Alaric successfully won the twentieth century, must handle after a fall which was programming, and all the Bobs are relieved when she decides Alaric's formula and go back forward to TRIM 200. Debra with her iron grip, her Victorian dress thus softened where necessary, for example, with furred mid Victorian and her threat of dependence of the whole household is a mastery of detail in this mistiness; it is with sharp precision where required. These folk tales from sources have been gathered together by Barbara Ker Wilson. It is stated whether or to what extent have been adapted. It is stated, beyond name of country (Greece or Aesop, where they are from, and this omission of prefaces is to be regretted. All such books one would like to see listed as they are in *Hand's Favorite Fairy Tales*, which are selected, a few from each, and retold by Virginia Child. In *Told in Japan*, in two of the stories, children who know Tom Thumb will enjoy meeting other tiny people who bless him of elderly, childless couples such as Fellow and Momotaro who float down the river. The creation of scene and character in *Told in Sweden* the illus-

CLIVE KING: *The Town that Went South*. Hamish Hamilton, 10s.
ELAINE HARSANY: *The Hubbs and the Bobs*. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. Brockhampton Press, 21s.

BABAR'S FAIR

Laurent de Brunhoff



Publication: April 10th 1969

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"One would have to be a brilliant writer indeed to describe in words what these books convey by photographs." *Sunday Times* 12s 6d

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A story of life in the Cotswold wool ruins 400 years ago. Winner of the Carnegie Medal.

METHUEN

TALE-TELLING

NEW EDITIONS of *Animal Folk Tales*, published by Paul Hamlyn, fifty-seven of them in a large volume for the small sum of five guineas, is a very good buy for any family. They read well, but the success of this book is in its juxtaposition of ultra-British themes—made fudge and bangers with French aristocrats, African and Australian seagulls, a than Clive King's "earlier" *The Town that Went South* for its talented author a wider readership. Maurice R. illustrations are sharply peep



From *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in England*

by first painting on wet paper. The delightful promise of the jacket is not fulfilled. There the youngest princess is drawn with delicacy, but move on to the scene where the King says, "What you have promised, you must do. Go and let the frog in". There is an altogether different approach, not dramatic but heavy and confusing. In the other stories, where the artist's black-and-white is used boldly and with conviction, the colour is added merely, is not an integral part of the whole. Quite the best illustrations, in soft reds and blues, are those by Bettina in *Told in England's* well-known tales. Here the colour is part and parcel of the pictures. The characters are individuals, fully seen and fully accepted as people who live in another world where anything can happen. She is equally successful with scenery and indoor settings. From these very familiar stories to much less known Arabic folk tales, eight under the umbrella title of *The Bird of the Golden Feather*, they are translated, convincingly retold, and illustrated with some very fine line drawings by Gertrude Mittenman (copyright appears to rest with the publisher J. The author lived for many years in Iraq, studied Arabic, found that the sometimes pedantic translations lost the spirit of the ori-

tal stories and set about it herself. The personal quality of this book comes through. Each story ends with some such rhyme as:

My tale I've told it,
Your pocket shall hold it,
Dilly-dum-dory,
That's the end of my story.

These stories are for any interested person, but for children older than those who would be reading the books mentioned above.

In Ward Lock's *Arabian Nights*, retold by Anif Maharg for a German publisher, particular credit is due to the artist and the mood he creates with his sharply lined, dramatic illustrations in finely shaded colours, and there is a wealth of detail for any child who enjoys scrutinizing pictures. There is no mention of the artist's name on title page or elsewhere. Fortunately, his initials BAR (without stops between) can be found on some of the pictures.

In *Knights, Beasts and Wonders* by Margaret J. Miller, the first "wonder" spreads over one before the book is opened. It is the jacket by Charles Keeping, richly complex in patterning and executed in green, blue, purple and brown, surely one of the best jackets even Keeping has done, and his illustrations in the text keep the same standard. Here is a collection of mainly fourteenth-century tales and legends from medieval Britain, all popular in their time, almost all translated from the originals—and well translated—by Margaret J. Miller, who has also written an introduction. This could be a useful book for the library at the top end of junior schools, and for anywhere in secondary schools. It includes three of Henryson's fables, "Havelok the Dane", "The Children of Lir", Gower's "Adrian and Bardis", "Sir Gawayn", and Malory's "Gareth and Lynette", and "The Death of Arthur".

BARBARA KER WILSON (Compiler): *Animal Folk Tales*. Illustrated by Mirko Haisk. Paul Hamlyn, 21s.

VIRGINIA CHILD: *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Japan*. Illustrated by George Suyouka. *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Sweden*. Illustrated by Ronald Solbert. *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Germany*. Illustrated by Susanne Sihm. *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in England*. Illustrated by Bettina. Bantam, 10s. each.

GERTRUDE MITTENMAN: *The Bird of the Golden Feather*. Bell, 16s.

ANIF MAHARG: *Arabian Nights*. Ward Lock, 35s.

MARGARET J. MILLER: *Knights, Beasts and Wonders*. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. Brockhampton Press, 21s.

PERSONAL PLEASURES

There are not for a few exceptions—the work of R. L. S. and de la, sometimes of Reeves and poetry written for children hardly deserve to rate as a book of their own. (Carrollian humour, which light verse belongs to a kind.) An slim content need no complaint; Shakespeare and Keats have shown what can be done with these. No—the fault is in talking down; in a poetical and metrical laziness—rhymes set up by meaningless terms like "comes at once to mind"; or a nursery words like "cause" or "because"; metres imposed by O so before an adverb.

To be fair, the new books seem careful than the old. This genuine poetry ever so good, for because, metres imposed by O so before an adverb. To be fair, the new books seem careful than the old. This genuine poetry ever so good, for because, metres imposed by O so before an adverb. To be fair, the new books seem careful than the old. This genuine poetry ever so good, for because, metres imposed by O so before an adverb.

It is always hard to date the order of Eleanor Farjeon's work, so often reprinted and remembered. The "sweetness" that fitted the time of her early writing—and always matched her own temperament—is here in many poems. Children (who like in many poems dry) do not always care for it. Yet E.F. did gain in sharpness and economy; and the best things are those with this (later?) sparseness of thought and word. "The End of the Year" ever had a musical setting? Best of all, perhaps, is a brief and poignant piece called "Hallow-e'en" that seems to toll like a bell. Children can read it easily, but we may doubt if it was set down for anyone but herself.

The second book, *The Wind has Wings*, a collection of poems by Canadian writers, is a different matter—wide ranging, fully contemporary, and meant to aim at all tastes. Certainly it is intended for the young, and is also designed, like the book above, to be visually enjoyed; the strongly pictured pages are, always, exciting and sometimes ravishing.

The books that invite these thoughts are *Animal Folk Tales*, the new edition of Eleanor Farjeon's poems, the picture-book format, like the new *Clive King* and *Elaine Harsanyi*, and the new *Clive King* and *Elaine Harsanyi*.

pages in glowing colour. But, though various verses are about children or are set from a child's eye view, how many were truly devised with youthful readers in mind? Again, nearly all of these works, one feels, would make some appeal to the reading young. Yet, written by so many hands, in so many manners, formal or free, on so many themes, urban or outdoor, sombre or light, have they any features in common?

In fact, they have. There is a sense of lake and woodland landscape, vaster and wilder than our own; wind, snow, space, never seem far away in the "nature" poems. But more than that—and it may lie in the selectors' taste—words seem always directly and tersely used; there is little fluff. If we do not find much that is great, we do find much that is good—also room for readers' very varying choice. A sly piece about rhymes seeking a home is translated from a Yiddish original. There is a sombre ballad "The Juniper Tree"—and also that old friend "The Shooting of Dan McGrew". Many are on animals as they edge up human lives in forest, farm or town: the haunting title poem comes from an Eskimo chant.

ELEANOR FARJEON: *Animal Folk Tales*. Hamish Hamilton, 18s. (To be published on April 11.)

MARY ALICE DOWNIE and BARBARA ROBERTSON: *The Wind has Wings*. Illustrated by Elizabeth Cleaver.

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Themes for the salad days

DISPERSE the numbers still appearing, an air of intense hunger over novels for teenagers. The twelve and thirteen-year-olds still read adventure stories avidly, but round about fifteen there comes a point when the leading "senior fiction" no longer lures them into the children's library. Many books, originally written for adults, are there, but this is not the point: changing one's library ticket has become more important than changing one's book. Yet it is almost impossible to find in an adult library a book which has appeared on a publisher's children's list, although by virtue of its literary quality and depth of experience it may have a claim to be in both. Teenage fiction, where the heroes and heroines are sixth formers and young students and not backward for their age, has at present a curious hovering quality, as if some new definition of its scope and purpose were awaited. The books in this selection show how the authors and publishers tackle the problem of providing reading "bulk" in stories which are concerned with the conditions of adolescence for readers who are tackling adult texts at school while at home they have their hobbies journals, their mother's and their own magazines.

Mabel Estlin Allan and Barbara Goulden have already many books to their credit. They have eighteen and seventeen-year-old heroines who are responsible for themselves while on holiday, although the senior member of the group is a sound, service-type young man whose devotion is never in doubt. Both *Climbing to Danger* and *Top Secret* spring no surprises. In the former the heroine, Bronwen Parry, her brother and two friends are sent to a boarding school, and in the latter the heroine's attachment to a Welsh farmhouse they knew as children, only to find that their climbing holiday is spoiled by the unexpectedly hostile attitude of the farmer and his wife, whose son is lying there after taking part in a violent robbery. Minny Tabor in *Top Secret* becomes involved in as stagey a plot as one is likely to find: a misguided young man helps illegal immigrants and is exposed by Minny, her brother and the man from Naval Intelligence. And how oddly these aunts and younger brothers talk. The characters and outcome are formula-predictable. They will be read with pleasure by girls who are allowed to persist in reading "amateur of the same" and whose conditioning is such that their lack of depth of experience will pass unremarked. The very success of these authors is the measure of the problem.

Drug traffic is the centrepiece of Dr. Madeleine Duke's story *The Sugar Cube Trap*, convincingly set in Brighton and Shoreham. The Barrie twins decide to expose the gang responsible for doping their friend with LSD. The good fortune and interplay which authors bestow lead them to the vile traders who are the burden of Dr. Duke's theme. Although the twins are lively characters and the adults suitably shabby, the most memorable scene is a poor distracted Jenny in hospital, and the most useful page contains the notes on drugs provided for the twins by their doctor father.

Another mystery, a security leak, this time, catches up Felicity Bell, the heroine of *Hebridean Secrets*: secrets are escaping from a naval establishment in the command of her uncle. Resourceful, daring, mixed with detection results in a suitable climax. This story has vigour and pace in the telling and it would not disgrace a shelf in the adult library, where many a teenager would be pleased to find it.

Adolescents discovering themselves and their families are a regular and inextricable theme. Rubina Beccles Willis tackles this in a conventional way in *Pendulum Quest*. Ruth Juniper, locked in romantic attachment to her family history, resents her mother's choice of "Juniper" as the name for her boutique. The pieces on the chessboard have all been used before: musician father, talented mother, kindly lodger are recognizable clichés; the moves are set too; yet because the author believes the heroine needs recognition as herself and to come to terms with life as it is, her concern makes this a better than average book.

The unchanging nature of the adolescent's needs are clearly seen in a distinctive book, *And Frankie Lived Happily Ever After*, by Lavinia Russ. Peckie's loneliness, her mother's humorous unconcern about her feelings, her fragmented schooling and the longing to be taken seriously are combined with humour and good sense. The setting is Misterton in the 1940s, and despite the heroine's attachment to *Jo in Little Women* the book moves more in the direction of the sentimental in American fiction. This is a pleasant change from our own stereotypes.

Bradley Head has tackled the problem of how to produce books for adolescents with *The Pigeon and The Gun*, both from America. A glance at the jackets suggests that they are novels for adults in the "tough" class and the impression does not end there. John and Laraine in *The Pigeon* are not immediately attractive figures with whom to identify. They are out of sympathy with home and school, disturbed even so that when they encounter old Mr. Pignati, who is senile, they are delighted to have him for a fairy godfather but unwilling to be responsible in their attitude to him. In their total absorption in their own needs they neglect his. This is an abrasive, tragic encounter: an unpleasant book in some ways, but the issues are starkly real. *The Gun* is gentler, allegorical, drawing on the tradition of Thoreau-inspired nature in a complex society which gets its values muddled. The hero of *The Gun* is an "innocent" boy who makes the right moral decisions and thus vindicates his unorthodox upbringing.

Finally, two much-cited titles, dealing with issues without cliché, of choice for girls may be making waves about their reading. *Top Secret* and *Climbing to Danger* are novels for teenagers which have skipped the formal hard covers and gone straight to paperback. *September Snow* is a novel for adults, but it is serialized in *Home*, in a family and cousin at their house at the "back end" of the year. Feeling is uppermost; April's self-awareness, her sister's sense of being abandoned, the ease of the adults who, when they seem to have gone too far, make a hasty retreat, and the quiet in the hurricane of their new emotions. The temperaments and the explicit important issues make this the best of stories that girls want to read. Martin writes with conviction; her adults are self-aware; her own are self-aware; her own are self-aware; her own are self-aware.

Andrew Robson, the hero of Frederick Grice's new book, is the son of a miner who has been injured in a pit accident. To relieve the burden on his mother, the boy is sent north to rural relatives. The uncle is Park Warden at Lillburn Castle in Northumberland and in charge of the famous herd of pure white wild cattle. Mr. Grice's sense of place is as strong as it is in his books about the Durham collieries and in his *Sevenside Story*. But *The Courage of Andy Robson* lacks any strong narrative impulse. It is a quiet, slow story about Andrew's adjustment to country life. At first he is homesick, appalled at screech owls, at having to learn to knit and to wrestle with a tame cat. Women's work and fighting with the fests. But over the year at Lillburn Andrew not only learns country ways, but wins the Lillburn Schoolboys' Wrestling Championship, revives his uncle who has educated himself in the snow and saves the herd from extinction by taking hay to them in the worst of the weather. There is a rather dubious inference

METROPOLITAN HIDE-OUT

FROM THE MIXED-UP FILES OF MRS. BASIL E. FRANKWEILER. Illustrated by the Author. 21s.

These are the bread-and-butter children's books, the ones that should look straight to the eye. They need to be accurate, absorbing, and delightful. One could add that for children, books are much more than family stories are passion for her cousin Paul's sister's sense of being abandoned, the ease of the adults who, when they seem to have gone too far, make a hasty retreat, and the quiet in the hurricane of their new emotions. The temperaments and the explicit important issues make this the best of stories that girls want to read. Martin writes with conviction; her adults are self-aware; her own are self-aware; her own are self-aware; her own are self-aware.

From *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*

Any complaint can be dealt with here. This is an immensely clever and sophisticated book. At times, perhaps, consequently, it seems sick. Mrs. Frankweiler once appreciates him does not wholly believe in. She is a little too fancy-baked, from smart New York. It is she who points the moral and some might question the need for such overt moral conclusions, a particular tendency perhaps in American books for children. Here however they are done with such point and grace that they do largely justify themselves. Mrs. Frankweiler says this:

... some days you must learn a great deal. But you should also have days when you allow what is already in you to swell up inside of you till it fills everything. . . . If you never take time out to let that happen then you just accumulate facts and they begin to pile round inside of you. You can make noises with them, but never really feel anything with them. It's hollow.

For the rest all is praise. The book is sometimes very funny and always

Also . . .

HELEN BENTON: *The Great Gosh*. Illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe. (Oxford Children's Library.) Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.

High tide on the West Anglian coast in 1953 brought a re-conquest of the stark, terrifying drama of Jean Ingelow's poem, *Hester Burton* has taken a local point of a story, based on true incidents, of that January night.

CATHERINE STORR: *Marianne Dreams*. Illustrated by Marjorie Ann Watts. Faber and Faber, 18s.

A reprint of a story that made its mark when it was first published in 1938 in *The Times*. Marianne, during a long illness, dreams up a place, a house and a boy companion. It is a subtle book with more to it than conventional fantasy—it is children grow and change. Also available in Puffins.

ELIZABETH VIGOR: *The Pavilion*. Illustrated by Prudence Seward. Oxford University Press, 17s. 6d.

imaginative. The economy is remarkable. Everything the children say or do in some ways adds to one's knowledge or understanding of them. There is a particularly skillful and effective shift of viewpoint when in the last few pages of the book, the children are seen through the eyes of the chauffeur who takes them home and afterwards reports on their talk and behaviour to Mrs. Frankweiler. Having identified with them up till this point one is here forcibly reminded that they are children, more-over one sees them slating in be child-like again now they are back under adult protection: Jamie meddles hopelessly with the irresistible selection of push buttons at the back of the car.

These are very much American children in a very American book—sharp, confident, articulate, wise-cracking in a way no English child could be. Nor would any English child say (as Claudia says with such impossible smugness) "I'm extremely well-adjusted". Nor can one think of any English book of comparable quality which is so entirely urban. English imagination for some reason seems to occupy itself largely with the rural or the re-creation of what is rural, or with a rural past. A city is something from which to escape. But here the city is an imaginative force—expressed superbly sometimes, as in this brief comment on arriving at Grand Central Station "All, how well I know those feelings of hot and hollow that come from that dimly lit concrete ramp", but more often less directly implied. The children traipse from downtown to laundromat, up Madison, down Fifth Avenue. Not a skyscraper is mentioned, lyrically or otherwise, yet behind them always one feels the city of steel and glass. "I'll bet", Claudia says at one point to the over-efficient Juniper, "I'll bet no one's used a compass in Manhattan since Henry Hudson."

In the matter of Angel particularly the children care about it, and show that caring matters. But one can scarcely forget here that for most people history is in museums, not something you have casually about you.

The book won the Newbery Medal in America last year. One should read with another sample of the writing to show just why.

The silence seeped from their heads to their soles and into their souls. They stretched out and relaxed. Instead of oxygen and stress, Claudia thought now of hush and quiet words, glide, for hush, peace. Even the footsteps of the night watchman added only an accented quarter-note to the silence that had become a hum, a lullaby.

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Curiouser and curiouser

SEDAK'S NEW PICTURE BOOK

FIVE YEARS AGO there was nothing strange about Maurice Sendak. In England he was best known for his illustrations to a number of stories by Meindert de Jongh (Margery Fisher wrote that his drawings "show the warmth of homely affection"), for his friendly Little Bear in the Elbe Holmeind Minarik "I Can Read" books and for his Nutshell Library. These Nutshell books gave a small hint of what was to come. For one thing, the words were Sendak's own and very good they were, too, as any parent would testify after a forty-third reading of *Chicken Soup with Rice* or *Pierre's "Don't Ears"*. For another thing, Pierre certainly ended up (or rather niddled) in the lion's stomach—but no one was very alarmed by this for it was in the tradition of all cautionary tales and much less disturbing than *Struwwelpeter*.

Then in 1967 *Where the Wild Things Are* was published in England and Sendak became controversial. In these columns the reviewer went so far as to regret that it had been awarded the Caldecott Medal on the grounds that it is a book "about which many parents must have legiti-

MAURICE SENDAK: *Higglety Pigglety Pop! Or, There Must Be More to Life*. Bodley Head. 18s.

male doubts". Looking at the Wild Things again after reading the new book, one is amazed at this judgment. In comparison with *Higglety Pigglety Pop!* the Wild Things seem as unmenacing and straightforward as visiting uncles.

After all, in the earlier book Max's safe bedroom is always there in the background and one knows immediately from Max's determined scowl as he sits in his private boat off the shore of the Wild Things' island that he is going to be able to cope with them. With a simple "Be still" he tames them and when he joins them it is on his own terms. He can return to his bedroom when he wants to. When he does, his supper is waiting for him and Sendak puts in the perfect last four words—"it was still hot". Max has had not a nightmare, surely, but a very satisfactory dream.

Higglety Pigglety Pop! Or, There Must Be More to Life is a different matter. This really has got some of the qualities of a nightmare. Everything is shifting; nothing is certain. It is not primarily a picture book.

though there are black-and-white drawings, like Victorian etchings, on every opening. It is a piece of sustained prose invention, disturbing and memorable from first page to last. It is the story of the moral regeneration of a Sealyham terrier called Jennie. Jennie has everything. She has two pillows, her own comb and brush, pills, eyedrops, cardrops, a thermometer, a red wool sweater, two windows, two bowls, and a master who loves her. But she is discontented: "I want something I do not have. There must be more to life than having everything." This appetite for finding something more in life is fine but Jennie has less sympathetic appetites. She is in fact excessively greedy. She starts off by eating all the leaves off the pot plant she is chafing to until the poor plant can't say anything. "I had nothing left to say it with."

Jennie peeks everything and leaves home. She is soon devouring quantities of free sandwiches and all the dairy goods of the kind milk-eat who offers her a lift. But even food isn't enough for Jennie. She reads a notice asking for a leading lady for the World Mother Goose Theatre: "If you have experience, call EX 1-1212." Naturally Jennie calls "EX 1-1212" as loudly as she can. But she has not had any experience; indeed, she doesn't know what it is. She sets off to find some before the moon is full.

Jennie proposes herself as nursemaid to a most difficult baby. The Baby won't eat. The six previous nursemaids have all mysteriously disappeared. Some say they were fed to the lion in the cellar. The Baby is nameless. The parents have gone off to the Castle Yonder and forgotten their old address. Nobody can remember the Baby's name. Jennie has to try to persuade the Baby to eat. If she is to avoid the fate of the other nursemaids. But her greed is her undoing: she can't bear to let the Baby eat its own breakfast. She tries to take the Baby in her black bag to Castle Yonder but takes a wrong turning and ends up in the cellar with the lion. The lion has grown tired of his diet of nursemaids and decides to eat the Baby instead. This is Jennie's Damocles road. She tries to save the Baby.

The Baby is safe but Jennie herself has nothing. All her possessions have been smashed by the Baby when it was shut up in her black bag. "There must be more to life than having nothing", Jennie says. And there is. Jennie has gained the mysterious Experience she needed. She has been purged of her greed and selfishness, and as she sleeps in the forest (with no pillows and no red wool sweater) she is offered the leading role she has longed for. The Baby turns out

to have been Mother Goose time. The book ends with performance of "Higglety Pigglety Pop!" which might have been by itself in the *Harper* tradition. Those who think that that book was like a rain until her works wench production of a play sentences "have more here. With this book it is of choosing the right time, publication Sendak deserves the one who sums up the meaning of this whom this can be said.

What toys endure

A CLOCKWORK ODYSSEY

Illustrated by Lillian Hoban. Faber and Faber. 21s.

Russell Hoban is known best in this country for his gentle bedtime stories about little Finnees, who is so like little girls all over the world but who turns out in the illustrations to be a hager-cub. They are charming picture-books, distinguished from others of their kind by the shrewdness which lies below the surface sentimentality. Excellent as they are, they give no hint that the author had in him such a blockbuster of a book as *The Mouse and his Child*. The book looks harmless enough.

Mrs. Hoban's illustrations are a little like Shepard's without Shepard's precision; here, one thinks, is something "after" and probably a long way after *The Wind in the Willows*. The story starts quietly, too, in the shop where a clockwork mouse and his child stand outside a dolls' house "owned" by a clockwork elephant who is, being unsold, "part of the establishment". It is a vision of security which the mouse-child remembers through all the hazards and disasters that follow. For the mice are sold, played with and broken, and thrown out for scrap. Repaired, inefficiently, by a passing tramp, they take the road.

The long episodic story that follows is beyond summarizing. This is not to say that it is loosely constructed. Each stage of the toys' odyssey is purposeful, and the author brings the threads together with the greatest skill. There are some memorable inventions. Manny Rat, who runs a racket in scrap, is most subtly conceived; a villain, certainly, but one in whom self-interest is matched with more complex motives. He is a ruthless hater and a mechanical genius, one who has, as he says after he loses his teeth in the Great Battle for the Dolls' House, "a feel for things". He ends up as lecturer in practical physics at the Muskrat Foundation and as the mouse-child's Uncle Manny, but one would never entirely trust him.

Manny, malignant and dedicated, spans the whole story, but there are other rich creations. Frog, who wears an old glove as a body-bell and tells fortunes, survives the hazards of the wilderness to become Chairman of the Committee for the Surveillance of Territories and the Resolution of Inter-familial Differences (ISTRIFE for short). Frog is a bit of a charlatan but a practical realist.

He had attained his present age . . . by paying closer attention to not being eaten than his enemies could bring to bear on eating him.

He is kindly withal: when the mice's clockwork runs down he says "That's what friends are for" and he winds them up again.

Frog is lovable, and so in a terrible



way is Manny Rat. One feels only awe for C. Serpentina, "thinker, scholar, playwright" (the description is his own), the ancient turtle who lives in mastery inactivity—apart from eating—at the bottom of the pond, and whose expressionist drama—*The Last Visible Day*—is presented, with disastrous consequences, by the Caws of Art Experimental Theatre Group—artistic director Crow. Under the tutelage of this formidable philosopher the mouse and his child sit at the bottom of the pond and ponder—and reject—his dictum that "Nothing is the ultimate truth and this mud is like all other mud".

The appeal of C. Serpentina is entirely cerebral and static. There are still moments like this in the long story and also scenes of swift action. There is a terrifying episode when the wanderers get caught up in a battle between rival armies of shrews. The mice—in and consequently inedible—are mustered, together with Frog and other unfortunates, as rations. The shrews fight for territory, a place "where everything smells right". "Rattons don't have territories", and neither do toy mice, until after long suffering and great courage they win their own.

The story is rich in memorable invention, but this would count for nothing if the style were not so exquisitely apt. There is no fine writing, but Mr. Hoban matches every nuance of his narrative with words so completely right as to be quite unobtrusive. This is a perfection so flawless as to pass unobserved until,

the turmoil and passion of the story over, one thinks back to the mastery means by which these ends were reached.

Nothing could be farther than the untidy middle of this anguished world from the miniature perfection of the Borrowers, but it is to Mrs. Norton, together with even more distinguished and "adult" writers, that the mind returns again and again in the course of *The Mouse and his Child*. It is partly a matter of scale. Everything in the story is precisely to size. There is a marvellous consistency in each one of a multitude of details. There is something too in the nature of the fantasy. Like Mrs. Norton, Mr. Hoban rides his fantasy with a tight rein. Granting himself one single improbable assumption—that among the rubbish dumps and the wildernesses beyond the urban world there is a world of animals and toys made in its distorted image—he pursues the implications of his invention with remorseless logic.

This is to take quite seriously a story which deserves and demands such a reception. The story is also, for full measure, hugely funny, provocative, pathetic and heroic. Some of the fun is satiric with adult overtones. The metaphysics—however mock—may be beyond the range of those who revel in the knockabout. Like the best books it is a book from which one can peel layer after layer of meaning. It may not be a Children's Book but, my goodness, it is a Book.

About and about

The 1969 *Guardian* award for children's fiction was announced last week. It goes to Joan Aiken for her novel *The Whispering Mountain* (Cape, 21s.). This fantasy, set in the dramatic landscape of Wales in Miss Aiken's chosen period that never was—the reign of James III—was reviewed here on December 5 last, in the context of the author's earlier books.

Runners-up for *The Guardian* award were *The Iron Man* by Ted Hughes (Faber and Faber, 13s. 6d.) and John Christopher's science-fiction trilogy, *The Pool of Fire* (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.). Two other books short-listed were *The Signposts* by Helen Cresswell (Faber and Faber, 16s.) and Patricia Wrightson's *I Own the Runaway* (Hutchinson, 18s.). The judges were Edward Blishen, Leon Garfield, Philippa Pearce, Isabel Quigley and John Rowe Townsend.

On May 2 The Children's Book Circle are to give the 1968 Eleanor Farjeon Award to Mrs. Anne Wood in recognition of her work in founding and editing the quarterly magazine *Books for Four Children*, and in forming the first Books for Children Group. The magazine (obtainable from Belvedere, 100, Church Lane East, Aldershot, Hants. 7s. 6d. per annum) carries short articles on subjects connected with reading for young children, book reviews, book lists and news from the Groups, which have now been

formed up and down the country. The fee for have been joined in a Co. 17s. 6d., plus 5s. City-subscription.

A new award was announced last week. The magazine's prizes, some already announced, are to be, by Puffin Panel, with the help of a variety of distinguished patrons, will be announced in the current (number 1) of *Puffin* and "considered to be of high outstanding interest to the 11-17". Gold, silver and medals will be awarded. The books must be hard-bound in the United Kingdom, British firm between 1968 and October 30, 1969, and must be in English, never before published.

The City Literary Institute, Drury Lane, W.C.2, is holding a course of 12 lectures on "The Children's Book" on April 16 and 17. The lectures will include topics such as: *The Story of Poppins*, Dr. Setts; *Dale Maxey, Paddling*, by Dale Maxey; *The Grey Rabbit*, by 15in, and can be seen by 15in, at 14 St. James's, S.W.1.

Books to the children's list include the third edition of *The Primary Children*, the compiled by the Pri-

mary Schools Sub-committee of the School Library Association and edited and indexed by Miss Ierna Clark. (From the Association, 150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, 15s.; 11s. to members.) About half and half fiction and non-fiction, the list covers a lot of ground (there are nearly 1,000 entries) and the classified non-fiction section in particular should be very useful to parents and indeed to the children themselves, as well as to teachers. The annotations are uneven, though this matters less—except sometimes on the purely informative level—when the user has, as in this case, confidence in the initial book selection. But the brief list unclassified and all non-fiction of "Some Adult Books Enjoyed by Children" is too casual and too half-hearted an approach to a big subject and doesn't justify even the couple of pages given to it.

Naomi Lewis's annual compilation (slipping behind a little now), *The Best Children's Book of 1967* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), is, as always, both a good list and a pleasure to read. Miss Lewis's notes, however economical, awake instant responses and echoes. Thus, describing the heroine of *When Marnie Was There*, she speaks of her as "teasing, bright and mercurial like one of those favoured girls in an early Rosamond Lehmann novel . . ." and instantly this literary lineage "fixes" Marnie for the older reader.



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MACDONALD
BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

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CORSICA: GREECE: BENGHAZI: MARSEILLES

Some children's writers seem to have visited, or even lived in, exotic foreign places that any avid reader should have absorbed a great deal of assorted geography before he reaches his teens. The absorbing will be all the more thorough if the geography is not presented as instruction, but as a delight and excitement that the writer is longing to share. Shirley Deane, for one, succeeds in doing this, and all through *Leidetta* there is a vivid sense of place: of Corsica with its hot dusty summer, its primitive villages and markets full of unusual fruit, and its stony mountains enclosing the fertile valleys. The main characters gather at a sheep fair in one of the biggest villages. The fair goes on for days in an exhausting turmoil of merry-go-rounds and ferris-wheels and the lights and noise of the fair-ground, with as much as you want to

eat and drink, in the background the buying and selling of sheep, and as a marvellous interlude, the festival of singing.

The characters are equally full of life. There is the boy Fon-Fon, timid at first as he leaves his remote village for the first time, and gaining self-confidence as he finds the courage and cleverness to outwit his uncle's enemies. His uncle Jacques is a splendid figure: at first he seems rather ineffectual and pathetic; a small stout left-over from the guerrilla exploits of the war; but when he comes to grips with his family enemies he shows that he is still capable of defeating the biggest and blackest of them. The climax of the story is an exciting chase in the dark through a rocky wilderness, ending in a sudden attack on the villains who have stolen Uncle Jacques's sheep.

There are great, chunky, evocative drawings by Bana Valera.

Another family feud - again harking back to the war - appears in *A Candle for St. George's*, by Mary Devereux, most attractively illustrated by Reginald Gray. As well as the feud there are ancient myths, simple peasant piety, modern tourists and even a crooked trade in faked antiques, but all these elements blend successfully in the story of the lame boy Andreas who lives at Delphi. The names, of course, have an unfailing magic - Delphi, Parnassus, Chios, Corinth - and part of the charm of the story is the realization that these are real places with real people still living in them. There is also considerable charm in Andreas himself, who lights a candle to St. George in the village church, but is too shy and too humble to pray for what he really wants - a miracle to heal his club foot. Instead, he asks for "everything in come right". As he waits anxiously for the miracle, he spends an idyllic afternoon swimming in the blue sea, forgetting his lameness, and playing with the friendly dolphins. Then he is back on land, and in deadly danger from his father's enemy, who intends to pay off an old debt by throwing Andreas over a cliff. Andreas escapes in the end by swimming, and saves his enemy from drowning. So the feud is ended and the shadow of fear and remorse lifted from Andreas's family, and he realizes that his prayer has been answered more completely than he expected; that there are worse things than lameness, and that everything has indeed "come right".

The Camelthorn Papers, by Ann

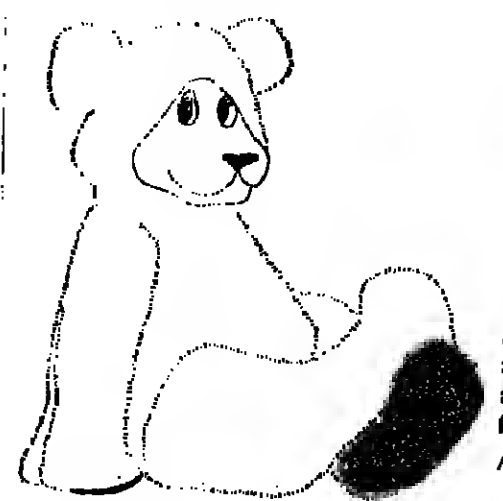
Thwaite, has the exotic background of Benghazi and the North African coast, and one of the best and oldest of plots - a treasure hunt. With such a setting and theme the story ought at least to be exciting, but somehow the excitement is missing. The clues to the treasure are all places described in a poem, and finding them entails expeditions to strange and beautiful places, but the hunt is a desultory affair as there seems to be no connexion between one clue and the next. They seem in fact more like excuses for a conducted tour of Benghazi and its environs, though the tour is very well conducted, and there are some rich and vivid pictures - of the fertile hollow, for instance, and the dark underground river. The story is well written, with dialogue that runs naturally; high-minded, earnest, informative (rather excessively so - do modern children really need to have the war, and its rationing explained to them?) and keeping its feet so firmly on the ground that even the finding of the treasure is an anti-climax.

The heroine, Kate, is drawn with the same sober realism, though she is very grown-up for a twelve-year-old. She is pleasantly modest and sensible, but her feelings about the wickedness and waste of war belong in someone much older. Such feelings are of course perfectly allowable in a children's story, especially one concerned with memories of the war and the actual battlefield, but it is quite unnecessary to confront poor Kate with another early death. She knows all about the tragedy of the young men who were killed in the war, and to make her come upon a drowned youth is not only superfluous but irrelevant. To avoid sentimentality is admirable, but there

is a difference between a children's real life and a children's story.

No sentimentality, again, blessedly, on *The Wagoner*, by Mary Devereux. The wagoner, a young boy named Luigi, is a simple, honest, and hardy fellow, who is sent to a remote place to look after a herd of camels. He is a simple, honest, and hardy fellow, who is sent to a remote place to look after a herd of camels. He is a simple, honest, and hardy fellow, who is sent to a remote place to look after a herd of camels.

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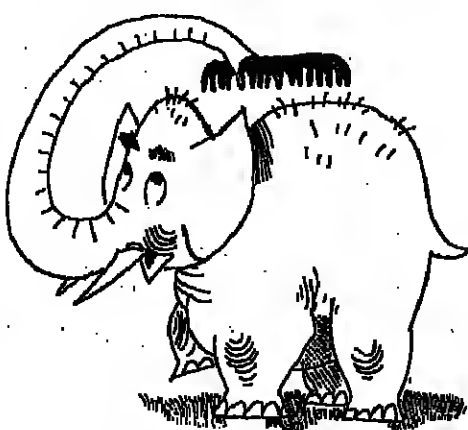
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In the mid-1930s, when Hitler was in power in Germany, Missions in Italy and civil war was raging in Spain, Greece too had her troubles. In 1936 came the dictatorship of General Metaxas, bringing with it its crop of student arrests and political prisoners. Alki Zei, who was a child there at the time, has written an excellent novel about life on a Greek island in those days.

Wildcat under the Olive Tree is a vivid picture of time and place, her characters are well drawn and her heroine especially sympathetic. Edward Fenton's translation is admirably readable without eliminating a charm which the narrative which is ineluctably Greek.

Another island novel, and one this time in which the Greeks figure as the villains of the piece, is Rumer Godden's *Operation Sippack*. Sippack is a very small donkey, much beloved of her young owner, a Turkish boy named Rifat, but with a decided will of her own. As a result when she is sold by Rifat's grandfather to the British 27th Battery, Royal Artillery, which forms part of the United Nations force in Cyprus,

DIVIDED LOYALTIES

books including *Grandfather's* in the town square, Melia, her sister Myrto and their friends find themselves caught up in events they only partly understand but which cause dissension among the adults and involve harsh questions of divided loyalties for the young.

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TERRA INFIRMA

Among the speculations which engage the science-fiction writer the fate of Earth is often paramount. Will little Terra be blasted into cosmic dust? or merely devastated by nuclear wars and its surviving populations scattered through the galaxy? or will it retain a controlling interest in the exploitation of the spheres?

Two leading masters of their craft supply different answers this time. For Robert Heinlein (in *Citizen of the Galaxy*) much that is familiar in present-day Earth will survive the recurrent crises. The Rockies remain, and so does Big Business. Rudbeck & Associates, based vaguely somewhere in the western hemisphere, exercise power and influence throughout the galaxy, their fingers in a million pies - some of them maybe just a little "off". This is the commercial empire which Thorby inherits when he comes home at eighteen after a mixed career in space.

Thorby, although he is temporarily defeated by the complexities of business and the shifts of the law, has been well educated for his job. He was a slave, passing through the hands of a succession of sadistic owners before he is bought by a one-eyed, one-legged, one-armed, one-

colonel in the Hegemonie Guard and now a secret agent. After playing a perilous Kim-like game with this picturesque mentor, he becomes a Free Trader, having to doze in the light-kilted matrimony of the trade-lanes of space. From this life he passes into the Services as Guardsman. Third Class on the Hydra. Hardly, one might think, the best apprenticeship for a career as a tycoon. But Thorby snatches control of his complex concern from the capable and not too obviously crooked experts who have been managing it very well for a generation.

Mr. Heinlein plays the game strictly to the rules and his story, for all its huge improbabilities, demands of the reader total surrender. In addition to his extreme competence both as scientist and as narrator, he brings to the form two precious - and rare - commodities: humanity and even a touch of humour.

Andre Norton's *Star Guard* is also about the fate of Terra, which is to supply mercenaries to fight the wars of the galaxy. The first Earthmen to venture into space were dealt with briskly by the forces of Central Control, and since then their aggressive tendencies have been harmonized with

it soon becomes necessary to go too, to mind her. Rifat Osman Ali, is a noted Cypriot leader now in exile.

With peace nominally restored Osman Ali could come to his farm, but for the time being he must stay in the village and the heroine, is married to a man who needs her fortune, and how Sippack, with Rifat's help, then, she finds her way to a new life. The events, although brilliant, do not mean far-fetched. The fate of the world, where especially (to say nothing of the) have a character which they must have been drawn to

ALKI ZEI: *Wildcat under the Olive Tree*, by Edward Fenton. Gollancz, 18s. RUMER GODDEN: *Operation Sippack*, by Rumer Godden. Macmillan, 18s.

TERRA INFIRMA

too strong, for he is, also, scarcely a personality. A Swordsman Kana Kam, recruited to fight a war, is recruited to fight a war. The war is fought in the light-kilted matrimony of the trade-lanes of space. From this life he passes into the Services as Guardsman. Third Class on the Hydra. Hardly, one might think, the best apprenticeship for a career as a tycoon. But Thorby snatches control of his complex concern from the capable and not too obviously crooked experts who have been managing it very well for a generation.

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The children, whom she has longed to see, are kept from her. The older child is wholly corrupted by tawdry values, though the younger is all too ready to love and to be loved. The forests that run the estate are dark and menacing; the peasants - too long taxed and starved for the gambling debts of the worthless son - increase in restlessness. But Stephen finds friends among them. When she has made the awful flight with the little girls to a London packed with refugees, there are turns in the tale yet to come.

The Life and Adventures of Lady Anne, though it deals with "ordinary" English life in the early nineteenth century, is indeed a startling document. It also embodies a mystery. First published in 1823, it has twice appeared in more recent days: in an E. V. Lucas collection of 1906, and in an edition of 1913, this time edited by the first principal of Lady Margaret Hall. But no one not even Miss Avery has been able to identify the author, or to find a copy of anything else that she wrote. The story starkly presents the gulf between having money, status, and relatives of any kind and having none, if you chanced to be a boy or girl at the time, more or less, of Blake. Lady Anne persists in keeping this name throughout all vicissitudes - is left alone as a very young child when her mother dies at a coaching inn.

She has memories of a splendid home, and a book which holds her father's portrait; but these are not clues enough. She becomes a pauper; the workhouse mistress gives her the name Nancy Stubbs, and passes her on at the age of twelve to "leaving" age to a dreadful London couple who make her do menial work, starvation, overwork, escape; a country job; disasters, change - so the pattern goes. The book is always secretly stitched in her stays. When the truth is at last revealed, and the Earl, her father, joyfully finds his vanished child, she is in the dock - an innocent girl, falsely accused of theft. The résumé may seem like melodrama; but the detail throughout has the odd precision of truth. More sheltered children should find it a gripping as well as a salutary book.

My New Home (1875) is not at all the best known of Miss Molesworth's work, yet it does show some of her particular skills: the tracing of a "difficult" path in a young girl's life, the suggesting, with varying grace and charm, of the qualities that a "lady" should possess. The narrative Helena orphaned in infancy is a shy, old-fashioned child, happy enough in her grandmother's thoughtful care, frugally poor though they

are. When grandmother dutifully goes to help her nephew Crispin Vandaleur and his invalid wife, without telling Helena all that a modern fourteen-year-old might expect to know, the trouble begins. Other young people are also most effectively drawn, notably Marley, the cheerful easy-going friend, so tall and assured, and sterling Harry, older of the two nice orphan Vandaleur boys. In what might be another world, with another language, almost, they bridge the distance of time, and should seem (like Helena) not strange at all in children reading now.

Froggy's Little Brother (1875) was one of the most successful of all those poignant evocative tales of the lives (and often deaths) of children in city slums. After his Punch-and-Judy showman father - out in all weathers - is killed by a drunken driver, Froggy (so called because of his croaking cough) tries to support his even younger brother Benny, mainly by crossing-sweeping. Benny heart-breakingly dies; Froggy finds shelter at last in an orphanage with a sensitive touch another little derelict wait to care for.

To be sure, when poverty is as dire as this a novelist does not have to strain for effect. Yet the structure is far from crude. The distressing letter that the boys write to the Queen is not merely an additional piece of quaintness in the tale. It leads us to Benny's death, by showing that only a few rays of interest were keeping that life alive.

When the hope of a moral answer goes, and even the mouse that enlivens Benny's lonely days is killed, the meagre flame flickers out. But the humbles strike is now as irrelevant. Indeed, the thoughts that the book will leave with the young today will probably be less of pity than of wonder, at a hospital that apparently keeps no records (Froggy could not be found for compensation), that could indeed allow a little boy, just orphaned, to be discharged into nowhere; at the absence of all public responsibility towards the sick, the young and the poor. Some may also note such details as dying Benny saying that he has "the slagers, like the cab-horses", and when asking the time, being told by Froggy that it must be nearly four "cause the cresses is being called" [watercress].

REVIEWS. Edited with introductions by Gillian Avery. MARION RHODES: *Strophium's Children*, 21s. *The Life and Adventures of Lady Anne*, illustrated by F. D. Bedford, 15s. Mrs. Molesworth: *My New Home*, illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke, 18s. *Benny's Little Brother*, 18s. Gollancz.

MINIATURE WORLDS

will find plenty of nourishment here in the caves and resins and such; they are even offered a reasoned point of view on the fairy lore question; but this will of course be differently solved by romantics like Veronica and her kind.

The Minchievian Martens is one of a pair of books in a new very young family saga - light, episodic - parent, and three little children - there's nothing unusual in that. But the degree of humour, warmth and naughtily invention is always expertly caught by Astrid Lindgren's expert hand: never pushed too far. One of the three is narrator, by the way. The real achievement - perhaps the high point of all this - is in the second volume, *Lothi Leaves Home*, which concentrates on one child and one situation. Five-year-old Lotia, feeling misunderstood, decides to set up house in the garden shed of kind Mrs. Berg next door. She does it with some exactness, ten, and the sensible neighbour gives her what help she needs. The problem is for this obstinate little original to get herself out of her self-made plight without losing dignity. The meticulous detail should hold the five-year-old reader: the shrewdness and wit of this clever, engaging item should also delight the adult who has to read it aloud.

It is pleasant to find another new Mr. Fiddle story. This gentle-old one is about a boy who lives in a cave and is a very young family saga - light, episodic - parent, and three little children - there's nothing unusual in that. But the degree of humour, warmth and naughtily invention is always expertly caught by Astrid Lindgren's expert hand: never pushed too far. One of the three is narrator, by the way. The real achievement - perhaps the high point of all this - is in the second volume, *Lothi Leaves Home*, which concentrates on one child and one situation. Five-year-old Lotia, feeling misunderstood, decides to set up house in the garden shed of kind Mrs. Berg next door. She does it with some exactness, ten, and the sensible neighbour gives her what help she needs. The problem is for this obstinate little original to get herself out of her self-made plight without losing dignity. The meticulous detail should hold the five-year-old reader: the shrewdness and wit of this clever, engaging item should also delight the adult who has to read it aloud.

not only children but birds and animals, might well be thought a concept from an earlier fictional age. But the author knows his target, and *A Case for Mr. Fiddle*, with its quest for a lost silver anchor, its climb to a magpie's nest, and reform of a churlish landowner, give Mark and Cathy land readers, too, around six or seven) a fair enough share of puzzle, peril, and satisfying surprise. As in every book noted here an ethical content is just discernible: not one is the worse for this.

The little hero of *Special Branch Willie* was first seen in *Up-side-Down Willie*; now to be a policeman is his dream. A burning carpet gives him the longed-for chance to dial 999, wins him praise - and moves his ambition to fireman. Nice enough. The sparkle of fancy that lit the earlier book can still be felt in Ardizzone's pictures; they seem, as always, intrinsic to the whole.

CONJON MARKIN: *The Silver Island*, illustrated by Peter Edwards. Kaye and Ward, 8s. 6d.

ASTRID LINGDREN: *The Minchievian Martens*, 11s. 6d. *Lothi Leaves Home*, 10s. Both translated by Jerry Bolemer and illustrated by Ilon Wikland. Methuen.

SIMONE STILES: *A Case for Mr. Fiddle*, illustrated by Robert Hale. Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.

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HISTORY IN STONES

JUN SANDERS' *Birmingham* is one of the most successful of a valuable series of local histories for young readers. It manages to be scholarly, readable and thought-provoking all together. It captures the interest immediately by the question of why Birmingham developed where and how it did. Because so little is known of its earliest history, the author chooses focal points in time, beginning with a thirteenth-century fair, to reconstruct the life of its inhabitants through the ages, looking backwards and forwards from each point so that the history is fully yet painlessly covered. Because the eighteenth and nineteenth-century prosperity of the Industrial Revolution altered the city's face as radically as the 1940 blitz, it is particularly useful to reconstruct the topography still commemorated in some of the modern street-names. This is living history, and drives home vigorously the romance of growth. At the same time, the well-defined character of Birmingham people and the interesting and eccentric figures of the past come alive by means of good contemporary quotations. Where the author invents conversation, he does so sparingly and well. He indicates his sources and supports his text with a good bibliography.

The *Jackdaw* series presents three more place-histories, all, like *Westminster Abbey*, with the advantage that they provide not only armchair history but an intelligent guide and a satisfying memento of visits. *Hampton Court* is particularly good in its section "What to See", with a plan of the maze and photographs for recognition. The contents are well selected and show unusual aspects of royalty, including Mary I convinced she was giving birth to a son, a school-boy account of a siege by Edward VI, Charles I's escape during the Civil War and the home-life of the Hanoverians. There are illustrations in every corner, a large history chart showing groundplan and views (a feature of all three foldouts), and attractive early sketches and designs for the buildings.

The broadsheets on the Tower

reflect the building's uses as fortress and place of execution, palace, zoo, armory and mint. The selection of incidents from its much longer history is more random and some cross-reference in the text to the folder on the Princes in the Tower (1965) would have been helpful. "How to get There" might be more useful in the *Hampton Court* folder, since both the Tower and St. Paul's appear on underground maps. Once more, the documents are well chosen. *St. Paul's Cathedral* has even greater variety of content, including a difficult but interesting coloured cut-out model of Wren's dome, to illustrate internal and external construction. The broadsheet on Old St. Paul's shows no view of the interior, important because of its similarity to other English cathedrals, but the

full bibliography includes the stanzas and place of execution, palace, zoo, armory and mint. The selection of incidents from its much longer history is more random and some cross-reference in the text to the folder on the Princes in the Tower (1965) would have been helpful. "How to get There" might be more useful in the *Hampton Court* folder, since both the Tower and St. Paul's appear on underground maps. Once more, the documents are well chosen. *St. Paul's Cathedral* has even greater variety of content, including a difficult but interesting coloured cut-out model of Wren's dome, to illustrate internal and external construction. The broadsheet on Old St. Paul's shows no view of the interior, important because of its similarity to other English cathedrals, but the

An enchanting and unusual account for young children of the building of a great church is Anne Rockwell's story of the Building of St. Denis by the Abbé Suger, *Glass, Stones and Crown*. It is decorated by her amusing, stylized, mock-

LONDON EXCURSIONS

THE dearth of publications designed to help young people to enjoy museums, to which they go in increasing numbers, makes Anne White's pleasant, well-produced book exceedingly welcome. The author writes with authority obviously born of personal knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, the things museums contain and the impact these things can make on children. There is much to commend in the book: the size and format make it possible to carry it around while actually visiting one of the eighteen museums which are described; the numerous sensibly placed illustrations help recognition of the objects recommended for observation, though a few lack quality, and one or two captions are misleading. (A picture of two strigils and an oil-lamp, for instance, is called "A Strigil".) The text is packed with readily digestible information, though some of it appears to be rather beyond the age range—eight to twelve—of the readers for whom the book is designed, and there are points which need amplification. It is good to find a simple explanation of Chinese

dinasties, but how many eight-year-olds know what "mail" armour is? By the author's own admission, *Visiting Museums* is restricted to those museums she knows well and enjoys; this is no bad thing, but it is a pity that she has not emphasized the fact that objects similar to many of those in the great national museums she describes are to be found in smaller provincial galleries, while the methods she advocates for useful and enjoyable visiting are as applicable to a small-town museum as to the Victoria and Albert.

Each of the eighteen sections is complete in itself, with references to other sections where desirable, and consists of one or more short "walks" through a particular museum, drawing attention to salient features on the way: the objects chosen for special notice are well selected and cover a wide range of youthful interests. The routes are described in some detail; as museums are no longer as changeless as once they were, some of the landmarks may already have disappeared, and rarely is the young visitor advised to ask the museum staff for help. At

the end of each section for "ideas for other visits", which with advantage, be amplified, include references to other museums and sources of information. The Natural History Museum (Zoo) can be fun after a visit to the Tower of London. The section on the Natural History Museum seems to do justice to the hoards of youngsters' delight, and many other museums, birds and beasts.

One thing is certain: most will gain pleasure and knowledge from this book, while their parents will find it even more useful, especially when used in conjunction with two related books published in 1967—*Changing London* by Molly Harrison (12s. 6d.) and *Children and London* by Barbara Winstanley (12s. 6d.).

ANN WHITE: *Visiting Museums*. Faber and Faber.

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MASTER-MINDS OF MUSIC

ONE of the favourite pursuits of Elgar fans has long been trying to solve the riddle of the Enigma Variations. On the strength of hints dropped in Michael Kennedy's recent biography of the composer, Michael Hurd has added a postscript to his new *Elgar* (in Father's excellent Great Composers series for young people) enlarging the idea that the opening phrase of the theme was suggested by the speech rhythm of the name Edward Elgar, and that the work as a whole represents the composer "as he is in his innermost self (the theme); the composer as he appears in company with his friends (the variations); the composer as he one day will be (the finale)". Surely as plausible an explanation as any?

Once again, as so often, Michael Hurd has a way with him in writing for the young. Without myopic idolatry on the one hand or indigestible technical jargon on the other, this new book is a sympathetically perceptive study of both man and musician, a study that contrives to place Elgar's slowly maturing yet entirely individual genius in the larger context of English musical history so that it shines out all the more brightly against the run of mediocrity after the death of Purcell. Of Elgar's nagging suspicion, in the face of a knightly and the O.M., that things might have been better if he had not had to forge his own way, Mr. Hurd writes:

Probably he was wrong. Without the struggle and the tortuosity, the strength and determination that distinguished his music might never have shown itself. Had there been nothing to fight against, he might easily have become what the majority of his English contemporaries were: complacent, gentlemanly, and unmemorable.

The most possible tribute to Mr. Hurd's skill is that even a hard-pressed reviewer can regret the book's (unavoidable) brevity. It would have been good to learn more about the composer's relationship with those nearest and dearest to him, and to have been given more of those curiously revealing comments from his own lips or letters—such as of a passage that he specially liked "If you cut that it would bleed". As always in this Faber series, music examples

are lavish and invitingly playable (in short score, while among the well-chosen illustrations some of the composer's own whimsically humorous black and white sketches are particularly endearing).

What, it may be asked, is a picture and potted appraisal of Schumann doing alongside an article on jazz? Or how is it that Rossini and Ravi Shankar eye each other suspiciously from opposite pages—Rossini looking a little peeved because he is not in colour? But the refreshing thing about Peter Gammond's *The Menuing and Music of Music* is just this unpredictability. Open it at any page and you will find something eye-catching in the profuse and (predominantly) colourful illustrations, something instructive yet undidactic in the text. It is perhaps better dipped into than doggedly read from cover to cover, though it is in fact an artfully devised text-book about the lan-

guage and actual sound of music, with chapters covering acoustics, notation, rhythm, melody, harmony and instruments. What the book now needs is a sequel showing how all this raw material is fashioned into mighty works of art. Homage is paid to the master-minds of music only through cursory surveys attached, caption-wise, to photographs, and through abbreviated lists of works at the end. But a blithe foreword from Yehudi Menuhin puts a finger on what may be considered the prime message of the book: "Go ahead and choose your instrument." In other words, it invites an active rather than a passive response.

MICHAEL HURD: *Elgar*. Illustrated. (The Great Composers.) Faber and Faber. 21s.

PETER GAMMOND: *The Menuing and Music of Music*. Illustrated. Paul Hamlyn. 17s. 6d.

FAIR HANDS

ALTHOUGH there are some excellent calligraphy manuals for young people available, the field is not yet so well stocked that a well-illustrated quarto primer would not be welcome. This one, however, in spite of its fairly lavish presentation and ambitious scope, is a disappointing addition. As a beginner's handbook it suffers from confused method and interruption of the basic teaching by historical examples, while as an historical survey and pattern book it is distinctly short of authentic models.

The teaching method is winding, and at times apparently in reverse: the book begins with pen exercises, then gives instructions on how to sit, with an aside on materials (some quite sophisticated), on how to hold the pen, how to make a pen from first a garden cane and later a quill, and how to rule up the page. There is an aside on vellum, parchment and paper which straddles the last two sections. The didactic tone is sometimes obscure, sometimes obvious: "notice how the broadest stroke of the pen occurs in the right-hand stroke".

The next pages devoted to a survey of the written alphabet are particularly flawed by the author's tendency

to reproduce either second-rate examples of the script he mentions, or his own, often very misleading, versions of them. As an example of Roman inscribed lettering he shows a wretched provincial inscription from Colchester, with the comment that its proportions "match those of the best work of . . . Rome"; for Quadrata and Rustic capitals and the Carolingian minuscule he gives only his own interpretations, the second two being particularly poor; while for the Insular half-uniform he reproduces a 1937 Irish penny! Only after another spread on versals does he finally give the Johnston foundation hand, with the basic pen movements.

The production of copiously illustrated textbooks by offset lithography ought by now to have accustomed authors to a more flexible treatment of text and diagrams than the old letterpress "see Fig. A" method. Many awkward passages of explanation in this book might have been greatly simplified by use of the advantages of the medium. It is a pity that they were not.

WILLIAM C. CARTER: *The Young Calligrapher*. A How-to-do-it Book. 25s. Illustrated. Kaye and Ward.

SUBURBAN SPACE MEN

HAVING finished his close looks at the mass media, Mr. Hildick now turns to advertising. What he presents is a course in the diabolical of a quest for truth, an investigation into the Jekyll and Hyde aspects of advertising. The first three sections look at various types of advertising, the fourth analyses the persuasive elements in it, and a final chapter considers the dangers and uses of advertising. We have here a book to work through, not to read through: progress is via 120 readings, involving individual and group work, exercises, debates and field work, which are placed at the end of each chapter. Mr. Hildick forgets nothing: we are reminded that advertising is carried out by painted signs, neon signs, electric signs; we differentiate between brochures and leaflets, outdoor posters and indoor posters. The identification is impressive, but the cumulative effect is deadening. There are shafts of perception, as in the description of the nature of the gaud advertising fantasy, which liberates the mind from the normal restraints of cause and effect, only to substitute rigid controls of its own. Generally, though, the text is expected and self-conscious, with the exercises arousing more interest. For here the reader is forced to think and contribute: what sort of persuasive line is taken in selling alcohol, for example, is it different from that used to sell tobacco, stockings, toothpaste; does the line vary with the kind of drink?

Mr. Hildick does not seek to persuade his readers, wanting rather their reactions, their opinions, but he does arrive at a conclusion. He regards the personal dangers of advertising as often exaggerated, the greatest being the blunting of responses by the continuous over-statement of advertising, but the public

particularly the influence on newspapers and television programmes. In the effect of reading the book, more clearly than in the author's controlled arguments, do we see the dangers of advertising. We see created a whole world, a world in which we know where we are: dogs and tobacco go together; cool jazz and modern shirts. It is a world of Good Neighbours—who wear flowered aprons—sprightly middle-aged dogs, with grey hair and military moustaches, and young goddesses, seen striding the moors or windswept on the shore. How dreary life would be without these terms of reference which help to give us a sense of identity. Here are the universal myths of our time. The classical allusions of Eliot may be lost on us now, but what does this

matter when we have a new mythology, built not on terror, tragedy and ecstasy but on small definable desires, quickly satisfied by the products which support our days and nights. The lure of this limited world is strong: it is so much easier to be acceptable to the ad man than to be human. We have recently been given statistics which show a relationship between lectures against drugs and increases in drug-taking. It would be strange if the well-intentioned writings of Mr. Hildick and other authors concerned to open the eyes of the young merely made this false world more attractive.

E. W. HILDICK: *A Close Look at Advertising*. Faber and Faber. 10s.

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Reconstruction drawings of buildings, and photographs of Roman objects found in London, illustrate Londoners in Roman times living and going about their business.

BATSFORD

ABELARD-SCHUMAN

Picture Book
Salt is Better Than Gold
written and illustrated by
Stepan Zavrel

A retelling of a Czech folk tale... sharp and delightful illustrations... As in proper in a picture book, the illustrations are strong and comprehensible and the construction is not only accessible but eminently satisfying. — *The Observer*
6 colours; 36 pages; 12 x 8 1/2; 21s.

Young Readers

Poko and The Golden Demon

by James Holding
Illustrated by CHARLES KEEPING
"Charles Keeping's illustrations are as exciting as one would expect... the blend of pattern, colour and line is superb... the story of Poko and the Golden Demon is a tale of adventure and discovery... the illustrations are a masterpiece of art and imagination." — *The Observer*
2 colours; 24 pages; 8 1/2 x 6 1/2; 16s.

Junior Fiction

The Guns of Valmy

by Leonie Bourlaquet
Translated from the French by
JOHN BUCKLAND
"From the very first page this book leaps into life... Most children's books are written for the eye, but this is written for the mind... the story of the Battle of Valmy is a tale of courage and heroism... the illustrations are a masterpiece of art and imagination." — *The Observer*
12 colours; 24 pages; 8 1/2 x 6 1/2; 16s.

Juvenile Non-Fiction

Africa: Background for Today

by Roy MacGregor-Hastie
Illustrated by MacGregor-Hastie
"A guide to the continent of Africa... the book is a masterpiece of art and imagination... the illustrations are a masterpiece of art and imagination." — *The Observer*
12 colours; 24 pages; 8 1/2 x 6 1/2; 16s.

8 King Street, London, W.C.2.

GERMAN BOOKS OF 1968

By Walter Schorf

Originally one thousand children's books are published annually in the German language, of which one-third are translations from other countries. Titles from England, the United States and Sweden are in the forefront. In the past two years, however, there have been good translations from Czechoslovakia. In 1968 the title at the centre of interest was that of Jan Procházka with his book about the end of the German occupation in 1945, *Es lebte die Republik (A Life for the Republic)* (Recklinghausen: Bitter). Lengthy reports have been presented by television, radio, in the literary pages of the leading newspapers and in the literary magazines. Seen from the perspective of a boy, the world of a Moravian village in this special situation is described in masterly psychological fashion. Equally lively attention has been given to jazz country by Nat Hentoff, first published in the United States. Its German title is *Wesles Haut—schwarzer Blues* (Witzburg: Arena). Kurt Luegert leads the German authors with his dramatic report of four winters in the Arctic, *Nachbarn des Nordwings* (Brunswick: Westermann).

Although the School Library Service in the Federal Republic of Germany is still hopelessly underdeveloped, non-fiction production is as interesting as it is varied. The best book of the year is that written by Hans Baumann about early Mesopotamia, *Im Lande Ur* (Gütersloh: Bertelsmann). In addition, there is a book of puppet plays by one of the best-known puppeteers, Heinrich Maria Dettmer, who has just returned from a successful Asian tour. The book is published by Maier, Ravensburg.

New editions of children's classics are being more widely offered. A new collaborative effort between East and West Germany has aroused much interest, thanks mainly to the colourful, doll illustrations which Franz Haneke has produced for Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. And the best teller of fairy stories, Vikma Möckeborg, offers her repertoire of tales from many countries in a beautiful edition with wonderful multi-coloured illustrations by Lilo Fromm, *Die Märchenwelt* (Munich: Ellermann).

History

TOM CRUTCHEN: *Naval Warfare*. Illustrated by F. D. Phillips. (Pegasus Books.) Dennis Dobson, 16s.

Among many books on sea-battles, this is unusual in starting from the Bixini explosion which demonstrated the uselessness of naval warfare for the future. A level-headed outline, it views the subject as a whole rather than relating a series of good yarns, analysing the reasons for the shift of supremacy at sea. The history—the Dutch wars are dismissed in a brief paragraph—and more than half the book deals with the present century and the last two wars.

PHILIPS CUNNINGHAM: *Your Book of Medieval and Tudor Costume*. Illustrated by the author. (Your Books.) Faber and Faber, 16s.

It is useful to have two popular periods of history isolated in more convenient shape for practical use than Dr. Cunningham's larger Junior Reference Book. This is a slightly more detailed and more different selection of illustrations, as usual bold, clear and authentic.

An English title stands out above all others in the children's books. Lucy Boston's *Children of Green Kauru*, published in Switzerland (Lucerne: Rex Verlag). On the German-speaking book market national or political boundaries play no part. In addition to Lucy Boston's English fantasy reaching us through Switzerland, the reviewers of children's books are praising a new book by an author well known in translation in many countries—Otfried Preussler's *Die Abenteuer des starken Hansi* (Witzburg: Arena). Preussler is a born storyteller. Here he gathers together a number of Russian motifs and forms them into a chain of sparkling adventure in the style of the old Russian legends. The book has already had a tremendous success on television.

Am I what about the picture book? Here Eleanor Schmid stands out for her illustrations to Hans Baumann's *Im Lande Ur* (Munich: Bertelsmann). Fenny is a desert fox. First she visits a red fox in Europe, then an Arctic fox in the far north, and finally returns to his lion friend in Africa where he really feels at home.

Finally, it is good to see also that the nursery age have been given something special this year. Ali Mitgutsch in page after page of pictures—free from text—offers a visual promenade through the town which will engross the kindergarten age for hours, *Rundherum in meiner Stadt* (Ravensburg: Maier).

One day someone must write a dispassionate appreciation of the extraordinary career of Jella Lepman. The author can hardly be Mrs. Lepman herself, who, on the evidence of *A Bridge of Children's Books*, is far too deeply committed to the battle to give a considered summary of its action.

This autobiographical fragment shows how the German-born Mrs. Lepman used her official status as expert on the affairs of women and youth in the Allied Military Government to foster the spirit of international cooperation by promoting an interest in children's books. Out of the turmoil and confusion of post-war Germany emerged two achievements for which she can claim full responsibility, the International Youth Library in Munich and the International Board on Books for Young People.

Like other notable women—Florence Nightingale, for instance, or Octavia Hill—Mrs. Lepman is a bully. Like them she is an opportunist and a ruthless user of people, especially those with influence. There is some splendour, and always appropriate, name-dropping in this book. Compromise is not a word in her dictionary. She either carried the enemy off by assault or pretended that it was not there. Many a military official or civilian bureaucrat discovered,

both sides of the question, with a good account of the Irish problem from 1603. The imaginative bibliography includes Flora Shaw's *Celtic Myth* and "Things to Think About" produces some really stimulating lines of thought.

BARBARA MASON: *English Homes and Houses, 1700-1960*. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 18s. Paperback 8s. Writing for younger readers, the author gives to give some insight into the social changes of the past three centuries as reflected in the home. It is an imaginative approach to social history, and ranges over the changing domestic scene from Addison and Defoe down to Mrs. Beeton, and on to Fred Kitchin and Flora Thompson in more recent times.

ERIC N. STIMONS: *Trade*. Illustrated by Douglas Bisset. (Pegasus Books.) Dennis Dobson, 16s.

Mr. Stimons is well known for his skill in conveying in simple terms the facts of complex issues. Here he considers trading, which he defines as the oldest and most romantic of human activities. "He moves from early barter through the stirring times of Phoenicians, Romans and Carthaginians to the machine age and the impact of the industrial revolution. Although deliberately in no way misleading, the proportion of space given to recent times is surprisingly small.

ANABELL: *Williams-Ellis and William Morris*. 177 Century England. (Life in England, 31.) 15s.

Like its predecessor, this volume is a joy to look through and also highly topical, resulting in a lively if not accurate picture of the period. This would be better left to the "Texts and Comments" at the end and did not reveal a man's "for group and class" project.

With fury or despair according to temperament, that Mrs. Lepman had outflanked him. All this Mrs. Lepman tells with great glee and carries the reader with her most of the way. After a time, however, one feels the unavoidable reaction against someone so devoid of self-criticism, so monotonously always in the right, and then it comes as a pleasure when some hard-pressed and neck-bound official tangles her in real tale and brings her stumbling. It does not happen often.

Mrs. Lepman has become, in her lifetime, a folk-heroine, and her book does not entirely distinguish between history and legend. The narrative is often chaotic. It is difficult to follow the sequence of events and to establish a time-scale. But one reads a book of this kind not for its literary quality but because it is a bit of the raw material of history. Maybe the events were not so great as Mrs. Lepman believes, but they did contribute to the happiness of many children and to the renewal of hope in a shattered continent. Her strength and her compassion came through the mud and the imbalance of her exhilarating book.

JELLA LIPMAN: *A Bridge of Children's Books*. Translated by Edith Maier. Foreword by J. H. Morpurgo. Brockhampton Press, 25s.

MORE NON-FICTION

spend time on "a man called Dugdale" — "Dreadful Dugdale" as a further note at the end is headed—without making clear that this is not the only well-known Dugdale—William, historian and Garret King-at-Arms—but an unknown Gilbert. The line-art further destroys confidence in Anabel Williams-Ellis's accuracy by placing George Herbert in 1640-60, when he died in 1633. If she has in mind his posthumously printed poems, this needs indication. The omission of the development of a free press in this century from an account claiming to show "the things which really affected ordinary people" is also surprising. As a stimulating introduction to the centuries, this series has a worthy place, but it ought not to aspire to be all things to all men.

Natural History
JOHN CLEGG: *Insects*. Illustrated. Muller, 18s.

"They bite us, they sting us, they get in our eyes and our ears, they eat in plants in the garden or our farm crops. That's insects for you and there are a lot of them, in fact they outnumber all other groups of animals. None the less, they are a new and revised edition of his book brings this vast army into sharp focus so that one can get a clear impression of behaviour and habits.

Science and Technology
HENRY BRINTON: *Man in Space*. Illustrated. (Junior Reference Books.) Black, 12s. 6d.



His new classic from Lutterworth on May 15
JOURNEY FROM PEPPERMINT STREET

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THE HORSE THAT TAKES THE MILK AROUND
Helen Hoke

A nostalgic verse-story in very imaginative form. With original colour drawings.
13s 6d

STORIES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS
Anoif Maharg

ALI BABA
The classic story of Ali Baba, a poor woodcutter and a band of thieves.

THE VOYAGES OF SINDBAD
One of the best-loved tales in the ARABIAN NIGHTS.
Each 12s 6d

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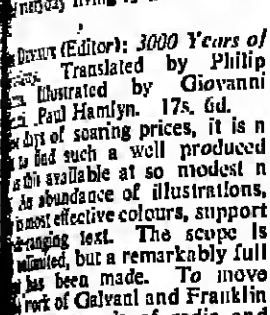
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OTHER ARABIC TALES
A collection of tales in kind for many years, and a superbly illustrated volume by the author, who has achieved a high reputation as a storyteller. The tales are such as the story of the Golden Feather, and the story of the Magic Carpet.

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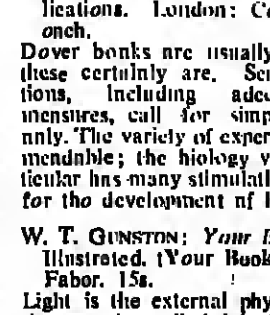
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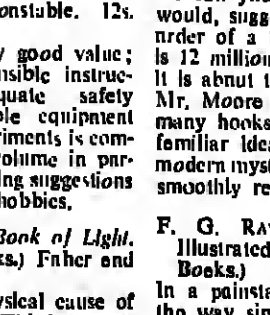
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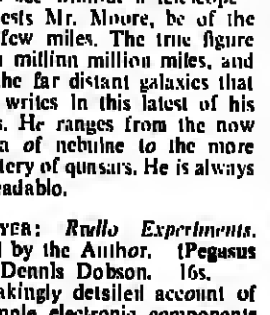
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ROMAN VAVRA: *Pizzaro. A Story from Mexico*. Collins, 18s.
Life in other countries is successfully, if sketchily, presented in this Panamanian book with superb colour photography which enhances the "story" aspect of Pizzaro's acquisition of a "burro" and his subsequent adventures when the burro runs away, but it detracts from the understanding of anything but a very limited aspect of life in Mexico.

K. M. ADAMS: *The First Australians*. Prehistory—1810. Angus and Robertson, 25s.
With its brief paragraphs and simplified illustrations this book resembles the Unstead titles in Black's Junior Reference Series in appearance. It does list the sources of its illustrations and provides a useful follow-up to the very brief and freely illustrated *Pictorial History of Australia*. A useful addition to stock though it would be helpful if someone could explain why boom-crangs appear to be used by successive waves of primitive peoples in Australia and nowhere else at all.

Science
IRVING AND RUTH ADLER: *Evolution*. (The Reason Why Books.) Dennis Dobson, 10s. 6d.
Irving and Ruth Adler, who hold an honoured place among the interpreters of science and mathematics to and for young people, have failed to reach their audience with the present book. In appearance, illustration and typography it appears to be aimed at children of primary school age, but its terminology and attempted explanations of heredity and the D.N.A. ladder could puzzle a sixth-former.

MAR and IRA FREEMAN: *Fun with Light*. (Learning With Fun Series.) Koye and Ward, 16s.
This book, a series of experiments designed to teach children about the properties of light, was originally published in America six years ago and appears now, slightly revised, for British children. The experiments, which cover reflection, refraction, lenses, prisms and diffraction, are clearly explained and well illustrated: care has been taken to make them interesting and to make clear their scientific significance.

MARGARET O. HYDE: *Off Into Space*. Illustrated by Bernice Myers. Blackie, 13s. 6d.
A book for young space enthusiasts, originally published in the United States, and having the verve which we associate with American information books. The book takes the young traveller up to a space station, thence to the moon and back again, and manages to work in on the way a little elementary science and astronomy.

A. M. McFARLANE: *Medicine*. McGraw-Hill, 15s.
Basically, a history of medicine from ancient times when the Egyptians mutilated the discovery of penicillin by treating sores with mouldy bread, through the work of alchemists and herbalists to the major discoveries of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The book is generally interesting and well-presented, but there are a number of small carelessnesses: illustrations of four poisonous plants with no clear indication of their identity; Leeuwenhoek's microscope is shown in the chapter on nineteenth-century discoveries with no note that it was invented in the seventeenth; "distilling may be explained by means of this diagram", says the text, but there is no diagram on the page.

ROSE WYLES and GERALD AMES: *Wonders of Space*. Illustrated by John Polgreen and George Solonevich. Paul Hamlyn, 12s. 6d.
A book which is not entirely about space travel, but is rather an introduction to astronomy, with one section given over to space flight. As with so many scientific popularizations, readers attracted by the subject and bright pictures will find the text presenting difficulties. Sometimes it does not explain enough—how the Earth's shadow makes night, for example—sometimes it does not explain simply enough. Then, too, the text is discouraging because it lacks an organic shape; reading, we take in many facts, but the pattern or significance of these facts is not evident. To children this will not be apparent as a disadvantage, for today they are increasingly browsers, tasting a book rather than reading it through from cover to cover.

HERBERT ZIM: *Blood*. Illustrated by René Martin. (Zim Science Book, 21.) World's Work, 13s. 6d.
A close look at the liquid tissue which, next to the brain, is the most complicated tissue in the body. The book covers the composition and function of the blood and touches on blood groups and diseases. It is painstaking in its explanation, tying them down to the everyday to help our understanding: we see and remember when we are told that it would take 12,000 red blood cells, stacked as a pile of pennies, to make a pile one inch high. The text is not divided into chapters, but there is an index and diagrams which are, on the whole, helpful.

Transport
JOHN HARRIS: *Travel by Water*. Illustrated by Virginia Smith. (The Open Gate Library, 11.) Oliver and Boyd, 10s. 6d.
Ships through the ages and travel by water are well covered subject and John Harris's book, although attractive in appearance and brief and simple in text,

does not really add very much to existing material on the subject. Arab show always seem to be from these shipping channels, but the Chinese sampan, but the last ships, though the drawings are impressive, do not give much positive information.

PHILIP GAGG: *Trains and Roadways*. Illustrated by Harold Shaw. Long Library, 38s. Blackwell.
We presume from the author's title that we have a second author/educator. Even so, the name the house style is still the hopeful question: "What was it that travelled on a train? What was it that travelled on a road?" In the advertisements for the book, Blackwell's Learning Library, confident, avuncular approach, nevertheless, a stirring tale of a remarkably rapid development transformed our transport and addition to the historical scenes are sections on locomotives, lines and unusual railways.

EDWARD G. JERRARD: *Lifeboats*. Illustrated by Cook. Blackwell, 8s. 6d.
An example of a series book which manages to convey some facts. The author, a Junior School head, catches the attention immediately opening story of a German which went on for fifteen years, then proceeds to deal briefly with history of lifeboats, how they are powered, and the life of the man who man them.

PAUL SHARP: *Railway Stations*. Sire Books, 12s. 6d.
An adequate picture for young of some of the things we see at stations, and of some of the work done both behind the scenes and in the open. The author's view to smooth the way for travellers. Two small quibbles: railwaymen wear a grey uniform, not a silver stripe? Is it the accelerator and brakes are so important of the train's control does the illustration of the engine?

PAUL SHARP: *Gargers*. (Sire Books, 12s. 6d.)
Coloured sketches and four or five pages of text of the service by garages, from topping up to towing in a break-down. "We haven't got it: how is it used, what does 'towing' mean, what are final drive shafts? I'll enjoy this book and parts they don't understand, but pity that this elementary book on the subject did not start even down the scale.



This painting by Atkinson Grimshaw was intended as an illustration to *The Lady of Shalott*. It is reproduced by permission of Mrs. Kirk Askew of New York.

Shalott and other ladies

CHRISTOPHER RICKS (Editor): *The Poems of Tennyson*. 1,835pp. Longmans, £4 4s

scribed in Tennyson. Even of the items which it reprints, many have not hitherto been readily available. For the first time we have between two covers the whole of Tennyson's non-dramatic verse; and for good measure we have also the juvenile comedy entitled *The Devil and the Lady* and the songs from the mature plays.

Tennyson was a sound judge of his own writings. Few of the items that he excluded from his final edition deserved a place in it. Though he too doubt made a mistake over "The Hesperides", he later told his son Hallam that "he regretted that he had done away with it from among his 'Juvenilia'". But, while it is natural and proper for a poet to exercise such selectivity, posterity certainly requires an editor to be as inclusive as possible when serving a major poet. Concerning Tennyson's status as a major poet, there can no longer be any serious doubt.

A straightforward redraft of the inclusive collection made by Professor Ricks brings home afresh the insufficiency of the description of Tennyson as essentially "a morbid and unhappy mystic". When Tennyson speaks of "The pillared dusk of sounding symphonies", he evokes a landscape as vividly as in any of the three passages cited earlier. But this time it is a landscape suggestive of stability, security, and peace of mind. A fuller presentation of a landscape suggestive of such values occurs early in "The Gardener's Daughter":

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love. News from the humming city comes to it In sound of funeral or of marriage bells. And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you bear The windy clanging of the minister clock.

A league of gross, washed by a slow broad stream, That, stirred with languid pulses of the car, Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on, Rags-laden, in three orches of a bridge Crowned with the minister-towers.

Here, sounds are distant and muffled, movements are languid and slow. A peaceful, familiar scene is relaxedly contemplated through a painter's eye. As nearly always, Tennyson's poetic craftsmanship is impeccable, the well-known onomatopoeia which ends the passage providing merely the most obvious manifestation of it. Tennyson's fondness for making his lines seem so enormous that one feels obliged to avoid the most commonly quoted instances. The moan of doves, therefore, and the bare black cliff clinging round Sir Bedivere, must give place to the reverberations of blasting among the mountains of North Wales:

high above, I heard them blast The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap, And buffet round the hills, from bluff to bluff.

The buffeting both applauds and parodies the immediately preceding outburst of one of the characters against the doctrine of "the golden year". Tennyson's insouciance of it anticipates the characteristic achievement of Hopkins: a generation and more later.

As a descriptive poet Tennyson seeks to communicate moods or passions. So much is clear from the examples already quoted. "Marlborough" shows how early he commanded the method, and in *In Memoriam* the contrast between two particular observations such as "The rocks are

blown about the skies" (section xv) and, on another evening eighty sections later,

The white line glimmered, and the trees Laid their dark arms about the field—the contrast between these two implies much of the poet's emotional and spiritual development during the period they are used in *Mind*. Similar means are used in *Mind*. But he is not afraid of expressing emotion more directly. He can voice an agonised subjection to doubts and terrors.

When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick And tingle; and the heart is sick, And all the wheels of Being slow; The feverish elation of no expectation, lover,

She is coming, my own, my sweet; Were it ever so airy a trend, My heart would hear her and beat, Were it earth in an earthen bed; the desperate longing of a forlorn lover,

O that 'twere possible After long grief and pain To find the arms of my true love Round me once again; and, in the late "Rizpah" the elemental passion of a bereaved and crazed mother.

Nor is he reluctant to state his general ideas directly in the general terms that his symbolist successors were to distrust. With his evident concurrence, Tithonus asks,

Why should a man desire in any shape To vary from the kindly race of men, Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance, Where all should pause, as in most meet for all?

These lines, deeply moving in their context, again illustrate his verbal craftsmanship. Originally they read:

Why should a man desire in any shape To vary from his kind, or beat the roads Of life, beyond the goal of ordinance, Where all should pause, as in most meet for all?

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friend F. D. Maurice to visit him in the Isle of Wight, he composes one of the most thoroughly Horatian odes outside those of Horace himself:

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
And honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magic gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

The poet who can be cheerfully urbane in these lines can be heartily jocular in "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue" and roughly humorous in the best of his dialect poems. Nor is satire outside his range. An excellent early example is "A Character", in which he dispassionately scrutinizes the polished self-esteem of his victim:

He spoke of beauty: that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smoothed his chin and sleeked his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

Somewhat later, the hungry lover in *Maud* sees his rival as

A lord, a captain, a padded shape,
A blighted commission, a wuxen face,
A rabbit mouth that is ever nagging—
end records that Maud's brother,

with a riding-whip
Lazily tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contemptuous lip,
Gorgoned me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

Writing in his own person, Tennyson retorted scornfully in "The New Timon, and the Poets" to a satirical attack by Edward Bulwer-Lytton. But such an outburst satisfied only a momentary need. As he reflected, his normal dislike of violence reasserted itself, and in "Literary Squabbles" he regretted the uncharitableness of men of letters, including himself,

Who hate each other for a song, . . .
And strain to make an inch of room
For their sweet selves, and cannot
hear

The sullen Leche rolling doom
On them and theirs and all things
hence.

It is a poet exhibiting this range

and more that Professor Rick's edition recalls to our minds and helps us to know more intimately. He is a poet who takes pleasure in familiar, domestic circumstances, in ordered landscapes and settled ways. This pleasure, springing in part from his deep dread of passion and violence, is shot through with a melancholy sense of deprivation and loss, a longing for things past and things far away, that testifies by its poignancy to the strength of the drives that he was seeking to order. Recurrent visionary experiences, brief but vivid apprehensions, "unshadowable in words", of a timeless state of being, supply him with a standpoint from which he can accept the mutability of the much-loved familiar world and confront death itself with a hard-won faith. These experiences, and his pondering of them, inform many of the most haunting passages in the still underrated major work of his later years, *Idylls of the King*.

In keeping with the general policy for the series to which he is contributing, Professor Rick's has attempted to print his author's poems in order of composition. He freely admits that many cannot be accurately dated, and that Tennyson's work on some was spread over years or even decades. But he never pretends to a greater precision than is possible, and, anticipating some of our difficulties, he inserts cross-references in his text of points where the ordering might mislead. Thus, he prints *In Memoriam* under 1830, the year of its completion, but inserts a note on it under 1833, the year Tennyson started it; and, while the *Idylls of the King* appear together at the end of the volume, a note on each individual idyll occurs under the year of its composition.

In this way, he supplies us with every reasonable facility for reading the poems in chronological order. Doing so, we are confirmed in the belief that Tennyson was a poet who retained his gifts in considerable strength throughout a long life. But a less expected consequence of reading the poems in chronological order is the realization that almost one-third of them were drafted in one

form or another, completely or incompletely, before the end of 1833. Those extremely fertile early years evidently yielded Tennyson a collection of manuscripts that stood him in good stead for most of his days. The nine-volume Everyman edition of Tennyson's Works (1907-1908) provides Professor Rick's with the text of the majority of the poems. He records in his footnotes all differences in wording between the first published text of a poem and that which he accepts as authoritative. In addition, he supplies a copious selection of manuscript variants; and in the case of works as important as "Ulysses" and *In Memoriam* he gives all such manuscript variants as may be quoted.

For not all may be quoted. In 1924 the poet's son Hallam presented an important collection of manuscripts to Trinity College, Cambridge, as conditions which the college interpreted as forbidding copying or quotation in perpetuity. Though both the present Lord Tennyson and Sir Charles Tennyson, the poet's grandsons, wish to see the conditions relaxed, Professor Rick has had to abide by them. But he does his best for us. Without actually copying or quoting, he can reveal much about these manuscripts. He can say whether a particular poem occurs among them. If it does, he can tell us whether any part of it is missing, or has been deleted, or has been inserted as an afterthought. He can paraphrase unpublished passages and poems. If they have epigrams, he can even quote these, though presumably he has to go back to the original sources for them!

To be allowed to do so more than this must have irked him badly. But he maintains an exemplary composure. He does venture to doubt whether Tennyson would really have preferred to see his "Armageddon" MS (with its unique in the opening lines) rather than permit the supply of the missing words from the Trinity MS of the poem. In the main, however, he contents himself with appealing to each reference to a Trinity MS the ritual formula, "which may not be quoted". When, after more than 1,000 pages, he comes to the important Trinity MS of *Maud*, he describes the fact that it "may not be quoted" as "unfortunate". Unexpectedly elaborated by the addition of the adjective, the familiar refrain seems almost inflammatory.

Fortunately, there are plenty of other manuscripts for Professor Rick to draw upon. In particular, the Houghton Library at Harvard has a collection which rivals even that at Trinity College, Cambridge. From the material available to him, Professor Rick has been able to illustrate again and again Tennyson's care in salvaging usable lines and longer fragments from discarded drafts. A twenty-line passage in the Houghton MS which after revision became *The Lover's Tale*, l. 52-61, yielded also five lines to *The Princess*, one to "Locksley Hall", one to "Tithonus", and two to "From the East of Life". Though an little is wasted, all of these lines seem perfectly at home in the contexts to which Tennyson has transferred them. No one could have said of him, as Christopher Isherwood said of the young W. H. Auden,

If I didn't like a poem, he threw it away and wrote another. If I liked one line, he would keep it and work it into a new poem. In this way, whole poems were constructed which were simply anthologies of my favourite lines, entirely regardless of grammar or sense.

No doubt Isherwood exaggerates. But the contrast brings out Tennyson's lucid intelligence and sure taste as a reviser of his own work.

Professor Rick's notes provide hundreds of examples. In section ix of *In Memoriam*, the "Fair ship" bringing home Hullam's body was not one stanza asked to "Convey this charge to those that mourn". We may suspect that Tennyson came to feel this too ponderous. At all events he altered it to "Draw thy dear freight to those that mourn". But he evidently decided that in the following section, "thy dark freight, a vanished life", with its hint of paradox, would be more powerful than the earlier and tamer "denver yet, a vanished life". Not wishing to use "freight" twice within two dozen lines, he then presumably gave the earlier phrase its final and simplest form: "So draw him home to those that mourn". "Tithonus" offers many more instances than the one already discussed. Perhaps the most striking and suggestive is the substitution for "And after many summers died the rose" of "And after many a summer dies the swan"; but only two lines earlier the change from "The vapours weep their substance to the ground" to "The vapours weep their burden to the ground" contributes almost equally to sharpen one's sense of the mortality for

which Tithonus craves. As the latest possible date for the text was by no means Tennyson's only motive in refining his work scrupulously.

Professor Rick's introduction of what is known about the poet's life leads him to devote a number of his notes to a careful parallel passage. During the poet's lifetime, John Charles Tennyson, the poet's brother, was a translator and the publisher of the English version of Sholokhov's novel. It is too much to expect that the editors of *Quoniam* will print a rebuttal of these unpleasant charges, so I ask for the courtesy of the TLS correspondence page to deal with certain of them. I do so because I think the matter is of some interest to your readers, since *Quoniam* is seen by many British and American students of Soviet literature.

Mr. Priming gives one specific instance of alleged misquotation in the English version which can be disposed of without further ado. From page 600 of *And Quiet Flows the Don*, he quotes: "The cossacks will not condemn any government . . . and state that the word 'tolerate' would have been 'tolerate'." The charge is false; "tolerate" is completely in variance with the context of the sentence. The critic has failed to take into account the fact that Sholokhov made many alterations in his original version as the years passed, the passage which this example is taken from having been revised from these revisions (see "The textual evolution of *The Silent Don*" by David Stewart, in *The Slav and East European Review* for April, 1959, and the same author's "Mikhail Sholokhov", Ann Arbor, 1957. Mr. Priming knows of these revisions, so one can only charitably assume that he overlooked the point in this case. However, arising out of his article, and for other, cogent reasons, I am anxious to obtain copies of Volumes One and Two of an early, pre-1930, Russian edition of Sholokhov's *Tikhii Don*. Can any TLS reader help me?

More serious are Mr. Priming's charges against the late Constant Huntington, head of Putnam's in the inter-war years. "unt his editors", of deliberate mutilation of the Russian text on the grounds that they, the publishers, &c., were "sympathetic to the Cossacks of the Russian counter-revolution, Kornilov, Kaledin, Dukhonin", and "arose to conceal the truth of history from English readers, the truth of the Cossack Hevly together with the two drafts of the civil war in Russia". And that the former director of Putnam's, Constant Huntington, gave instructions to abbreviate and mutilate *Tikhii Don* not only because he feared it was a very "large Soviet novel". C. Huntington was only a screen for the concealment of political ends. . . . Putnam's director stole above all to conceal the truth concerning the eye-witnesses and thugs of the Russian counter-revolution, Kornilov, Kaledin, Dukhonin, and "arose to conceal the truth of history from English readers, the truth of the Cossack Hevly together with the two drafts of the civil war in Russia". And that the former director of Putnam's, Constant Huntington, gave instructions to abbreviate and mutilate *Tikhii Don* not only because he feared it was a very "large Soviet novel". C. Huntington was only a screen for the concealment of political ends. . . . Putnam's director stole above all to conceal the truth concerning the eye-witnesses and thugs of the Russian counter-revolution, Kornilov, Kaledin, Dukhonin, and "arose to conceal the truth of history from English readers, the truth of the Cossack Hevly together with the two drafts of the civil war in Russia". 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